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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A Visit in Branch County.—The Country Around Union City and Burlington—Some Beautiful Farms and Good Farming.

An invitation to attend a meeting of the Union Farmers' Club gave opportunity for a long contemplated visit to that part of Branch county tributary to Union City, a bright little town situated at the junction of the St. Joseph and Coldwater rivers. The surrounding country is one of the finest farming sections in the State, the land rolling, with rich places of bottom land along the streams. The soil is varied in character, a gravelly loam constituting the larger portion.

Arriving at Union City in the evening an early start was made for the farm of Mr. L. L. Harsh, whose name is familiar to our readers as a breeder of the Improved Black Top Merino, the pioneer in this respect in Michigan. We found him preparing for the annual meeting of the Association of that name, the members of which reside principally in Ohio and Pennsylvania. It may be remarked here that the next day we had the pleasure of meeting with the officers and members of this Association, and a finer lot of representative American stock breeders we never met. It was their first visit to Michigan, and they expressed themselves as highly pleased with both the State and the people they had met.

Mr. Harsh drove us over to Mr. S. E. Lee's, who is breeding American Merinos. His flock was started from that of George W. Stuart, of Grand Blanc, who mingles philosophy, stock-breeding and gentility with his efforts to keep Genesee county at the front in all good things. The flock of Mr. Lee is largely of Clark blood, his stock being of Clark breeding, the last one being from the flock of Lyman Clark. Upon a part of his ewes he last year used a son of Diamond 814 (A. T. Short 178), his dam being L. G. Wooster 239 by Rip Van Winkle. This ram is owned in partnership with Mr. J. D. Studley, and keeps to cross well with this flock. Mr. Lee rears a thoroughbred Shorthorn bull, grade Shorthorn cows, and his hogs are Poland-Chinas, of course, for he lives in a country where other breeds are not fashionable, and next door to Mr. Henry Morse, a veteran breeder although a young man.

At Mr. Morse's we found some fine Poland. At the head of this herd is the best Teumseh 34, a prize winner at the last State Fair held at Jackson, and sired by Teumseh 34. He has also a boar purchased from C. W. Brigham, of Illinois, which he has named Brigham, and will use upon the stock of Teumseh 34. The fine old stock boar Teumseh, now seven years old, bred by E. & J. M. Kiever, of Ohio, is getting too old for service, but is still kept on the farm. Mr. Morse generally keeps from five to six brood sows, which, with his young stock, gives him all he cares to handle. We saw some nice sows, among which might be mentioned Queen Teumseh, a two-year old by Teumseh, and a yearling by Ashley's Perfection, in which boar he owned a half interest. Of course Mr. Morse has some good colts also, for a farm is not thought to be in good shape in Branch county without a few of them. A brood mare by Fisk's Mambrino Chief had a good one at her side by Royal Feanought. Also a two-year old filly by a son of Ben Wright, by the Royal Feanought, and out of a mare by a son of Goldstick. He had two suckers, one out of a mare by Magna Charta 105, and sired by Tom Hall Jr., a son of the great racing sire Tom Hall 3000, and the other by a horse called Locomotive Jr., by Locomotive.

With Mr. Lee we visited W. W. Warren, also a breeder of Poland-Chinas. His herd was started from those of C. W. Jones and Henry Morse, and he has since brought in some of the blood of the Barnes Brothers' herd. At present he is using a yearling boar sired by Teumseh Lad. Mr. Warren

has also been raising some colts, and using Tom Hall Jr. From him he has bred two yearlings and a sucker. He has an excellent brood mare of Goldstick blood.

Then we drove to the home of Mr. J. D. Studley, where the American Merino occupies the position of honor, and found him one of the best posted men we have met regarding the history of the best known flocks of the great breeding States of Vermont, New York and Michigan. We could not do justice to this flock in the space available this week, and will defer any notice of them for the present.

Next morning we paid a visit to Mr. Armstrong to see a flock of Merinos which Mr. Studley said were good ones. They certainly are—and the crop of lambs he has raised this season speaks well for his stock ram, which, by the way, is a most important fellow who resents intrusion on his pasture by strangers. Mr. Armstrong has brought up his flock to a high grade as sheers as well as for fleeces with a handsome staple.

Calling upon C. G. Lee we found him cleaning up his crop of buckwheat. This year he sowed Japanese buckwheat, which gave him 45 bushels per acre, and a very handsome sample indeed. It was the second crop we have seen of this grain, and it looks as if it were going to be a valuable sort for Michigan. Mr. Lee, however, thinks less of his buckwheat crop than he does of his colts, of which he has some fine ones. He has a brood mare by Honest Dick, a son of Washenaw Chief, dam by a son of Fisk's Mambrino Chief 214, record dam by Magna Charta 105. From her he has raised three colts. The first of these, a two year old, is by Hambletonian Wilkes 1679, the second a yearling by Pilot Medium 1597, and the third a sucker by Tom Hall Jr., marked just like his sire, and a born trotter. While the two older ones are very likely colts, the youngest struck us as likely to have the most speed.

Across from Mr. Lee's is Union Stock Farm, owned by O. L. Lincoln, who has some of the finest brood mares we have seen in a long time. As he is breeding trotters on an extensive scale we shall give a report of what he is doing in that direction.

On Monday of this week, in company with J. D. Studley and S. E. Lee, we started for the farm of Messrs. McCauley & Son, and had the pleasant experience of being caught in a rain storm which came down like a deluge. If that is the usual style of showers in Branch County farmers should never be short of water. Trying to look over Mr. McCauley's flock of Merinos was a difficult matter under the circumstances, but we saw enough to understand that the flock is an extra good one, and that J. McCauley, the son, has a good eye for a Merino and should succeed as a breeder. A handsome young Shorthorn bull had just been brought on the farm from the herd of E. G. Luce, son of Michigan's former Governor, which comes from a cow of the Curtis herd. The cat's kept on this farm are all high grade Shorthorns.

The next day was devoted to the Union Farmers' Club meeting, which was held in Grand Hall, on the farm of Mr. D. D. Buel. The attendance was excellent, the hall being filled, and the programme, presided over by Mr. L. L. Harsh, kept up the interest beyond the usual hour for adjournment. A report of this meeting will appear in next issue.

Returning to the home of the Improved Black Top with Mr. Harsh, we had an opportunity to look over his flock for the first time. The Improved Black Top is very similar in appearance to other families of the delaine sheep we have seen, of the type of the Dickinson Merinos shown at the Detroit Exposition. In judging of the merits of these sheep it will have to be remembered that they cannot be compared with the American Merino on the one hand or the English mutton breeds on the other. They must be judged from the standpoint of actual merit, and their ability to meet the requirements of the purpose for which they are bred. That is they are claimed to be of a type which, while meeting the requirements of a good mutton carcass, of larger size than the American Merino, gives a fleece of fine wool of a high grade and longer staple than usual with the Merino, and yet retains the characteristics of the Merino in regard to hardiness and adaptability to do well under varied conditions. In form they partake a good deal of the conformation peculiar to the Delaine breeds. Their carcasses are rounder than the Merino, and the back broader, the brisket coming further forward, the quarters rounder, the legs further apart, giving a squarer form, the body entirely devoid of wrinkles, and covered with a long staple of good style and not quite as fine as carried by the American Merino. Mr. Harsh's yearling ram now weighs 190 lbs., and will therefore be over 200 lbs. when fully matured. Two ram lambs weighed respectively 103 and 104 lbs. Some of the breeding ewes were well advanced in years, and yet breed regularly, 22 of them raising 23 lambs this season. From their appearance we should say they were good milkers, and their lambs would be pushed forward rapidly. This is the way the flock impressed us in its present form. In full fleece, with their large smooth carcasses and a long staple of wool, they must be very pleasing to the eye. Mr. Harsh says he is quite content to wait and rely on their merits to give them a high place among the various breeds in Michigan. So far he has not been able to supply the demand for

these sheep, as he wishes to increase his own flock. They are kept in a common sense way, no extra care, and struck us as healthy, vigorous sheep. We shall watch this flock with interest, and see how it does when transplanted to the soil of this State.

With Mr. Harsh we drove over to the farm of a neighbor, Mr. D. A. Smith, who has started a herd of Galloways. He purchased a bull and a heifer at the sale of the herd of Mr. Coleman, near Howell, and is using the bull to grade up his cows. The bull is well grown, and a good specimen of the breed. Mr. Smith keeps a flock of grade Merino ewes and uses a Shropshire ram, feeding the lambs off, and he has quite a bunch of them on hand.

Not far from Mr. Smith lives Martin French, who has quite a nice farm, keeps grade Shorthorns, a full blood Shorthorn bull, and has a notion for good horses. He has a number of colts growing up, one being by Foreman, he by F. B. Hine 1154, a son of Florida 482, and out of a trotting bred mare. Mr. French is a very candid man, and expressed the opinion that the FARMER would be all right if it wasn't for its "hanged protection ideas." But we have an idea Mr. French is not a bad fellow after all, and some day will be reading the FARMER with both pleasure and profit. Until then we wish him all success possible, and a change of heart.

At the residence of Mr. Wyrell a stop was made, but the proprietor was not at home. He has one of the neatest places we saw on the visit, only 80 acres of land, but in fine shape, beautiful residence and good barns. He took up this farm as a young man when it was a wilderness. He has just sold it for \$50 an acre.

Mr. H. Collins, another good farmer, was next given a call. He keeps grade Shorthorns and Poland-Chinas hogs. He has a fine dark bay brood mare out of a dam by Magna Charta 105, from whom he is getting some good colts. Has a gray driving horse, trotting bred, that ought to go a good clip.

Mr. W. D. Baker is a big farmer. He has a large farm, breeds trotting horses and Shorthorns, and has a flock of 350 grade Merinos. From the latter he got an average of 7½ lbs. of washed wool this season. His Shorthorns are good serviceable looking animals, showing both beef and milking qualities. He is using a very good looking roan bull which traces to the Curtis herd. His oldest cow came from Kentucky, and his younger ones show up well. He has a number of well bred trotting mares which he has been breeding to such sires as Sphinx and Pilot Medium. We will give a list of them and their breeding next week. This is a very fine farm with good buildings.

Across the road is the farm of Mr. S. C. Miller, who has evidently made farming a profitable business. His buildings are good, and he has plenty of room on his farm to turn around. He also keeps grade Shorthorns, of which he always feeds a few, has a full blood bull, and a flock of grade Merinos. He showed us two good colts by Mikado, a son of Masterdole, one a gelding and the other a filly. Also some grade Percherons, which he likes for farm horses. D. Bossard was also absent when we reached his farm, but we had a look over his flock of grade Merinos with which he is using a Cotswold ram. He is also in Shorthorns, and is raising some colts, but we could not get particulars.

G. W. Ashley was one of the best flocks of grade Merinos we saw. He always uses a good ram, and as a result got an average of 9½ lbs. of washed wool from his entire flock. The buck he is using at present is a big fleecy fellow from the flock of Mr. Fiske, near Battle Creek, and weighed 135 lbs. in full fleece, giving a fleece of 23 lbs. His lambs were as good as thoroughbreds, which they practically are. Previous to this ram he used two of Clark blood, and this gives his fleeces fine style. This is also a well worked farm, and its owner an enterprising farmer.

Nearer Union City we stopped at the farm of Mr. D. C. Leonard, who has the finest grounds and residence, and the largest barn in the town. Mr. Leonard must be a man of taste as well as a successful farmer. His residence is surrounded by a hedge of arbutus, trimmed to perfection, and ornamental evergreens were scattered over his lawn. His barnyards were tidy, his immense barn a model of convenience, and an large addition, 60x60, is used to shelter his straw. This is right over a high basement used to feed sheep, which is one of Mr. Leonard's specialties. In his field we saw over 400 sheep, which had been graded up by the use of Shropshire rams until his lambs look like thoroughbreds. He has about a hundred of them in a field by themselves, and has begun to feed them for a "February" or March market. They would probably average about 80 lbs. He is feeding corn and oats, and after they go to the barn will be pushed as fast as possible. He had a nice party of 50 ewe lambs which he has selected to add to his breeding flock. He has an imported Shropshire ram, and to one lot of ewes he is breeding a Southdown ram as an experiment. In his farm operations Mr. Leonard has the assistance of his son Charles, whom we found an active and intelligent young man, who finds farming both a pleasant and profitable business.

This closed up a very extended visit in this section, time not permitting calls on several parties whom we had intended to see. We found a very prosperous community, with good farming and improved stock a feature on nearly every farm, and our visit was an exceedingly pleasant one, made so by the hearty welcome everywhere extended to us as a representative of the FARMER.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE WEST.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I deem it my duty to inform you as to the condition of things in the west, that my brother farmers at the east may make their plans accordingly.

The long summer drought and the terrible freeze of September 12th about entirely destroyed the vegetable and corn crop in Kansas, Western Nebraska, Southern Dakota and parts of Minnesota. The result is that farmers are compelled to sell their hogs and shoats at any price they can get. Many hogs are going for less than the same ones could have been sold for last May. Thousands of store hogs, those half-fattened, and shoats, are going at 2c. to 3c. per pound. Packers in Omaha and Chicago are "baring down" the market all they can, and at the same time buying and packing everything that will go in as *mess* pork, knowing full well that in one year from this time both pork and lard will probably bring fifty per cent higher than now. Those farmers at the east who have plenty of feed will do well to winter all the hogs and shoats possible. It cannot be done in the west, as most of the corn has already been fed.

Some few cars of old corn have been shipped back from the east and sold readily at the elevators for fifty-five cents per bushel.

ARCADIA, Neb. Oct. 9, 1890.

ONLY ONE BREED.

LENEXA, Oct. 13th, 1890.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please inform me through the columns of your paper whether there are two distinct breeds of Shropshire sheep, and if so where they originated? We disagree upon the question, and to settle it appeal to you.

There is only one breed known as Shropshire. The basis of the breed was the native sheep of the county, or shire, of Shropshire, England. With them were crossed the Southdown and Leicester, and the animals resulting from this cross-breed were regarded as most valuable were inbred to retain the merits which had been gained. They have a *tree-stance* like the Hampshire or Oxford, and are less in size of carcass than those families, or branches of the Down race. But they are larger than the Southdown, fleece not quite so fine, but longer stapled, and are undoubtedly indebted to this breed for their fine form and symmetrical proportions. The Shropshire has been bred as distinct for a long time, and the type well fixed, so that there need not be any dispute as to what the breed is.

SHEEP-BREEDERS' MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Improved Black-Top Merino Sheep-Breeders' Association was held at the residence of L. L. Harsh, near Union City, Oct. 8th.

The following members were present: President, Robt. Johnson, Cannonsburg, Pa.; Vice-President, J. E. Tinkey, Belleville, Ohio; Secretary and Treasurer, L. M. Crothers, Taylorstown, Pa.; Richard Johnson, Geo. Black, Cannonsburg, Pa.; R. W. Crothers, Taylorstown, Pa., and L. L. Harsh, Union City, Mich.

Two new members were admitted, A. D. Pullman and M. R. Winans, Union City, Mich.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Robt. Johnson, Cannonsburg, Pa.
Vice-President—L. L. Harsh, Union City, Mich.
Secretary and Treasurer—L. M. Crothers, Taylorstown, Pa.
Corresponding Secretary, M. R. Winans, Union City, Mich.
Executive Committee—L. L. Harsh, A. D. Pullman, Union City, Mich.; J. E. Tinkey, Belleville, Ohio.

The next annual meeting will be held the first Tuesday of October, 1891, at the residence of R. W. Crothers, Taylorstown, Washington Co., Pa.

AGE AT WHICH TO BREED EWES.

OHIO, Oct. 13, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I am a reader of your valuable paper, and wish to ask some advice. I have a flock of forty grade Merino ewes, yearlings, and would like to know if it would be advisable to breed them to a coarse wool buck? I have asked several breeders and some tell me that they are too young, and others that they have had as good success from yearlings (that is, coming two years old) as from older ewes. Please answer through the FARMER.

O. L. HEMINGWAY.

We are not sure, when our correspondent says "coarse wool buck" whether he refers to the long or coarse wool breeds, or to the Downs. The term is used by many when the Downs, or middle wools, are intended. This we think a vital point in determining the question asked. If our correspondent intends using a Southdown or Shropshire ram, breeding yearling ewes will be all right. But in the case of the larger breeds, such as Cotswold, Oxford Down, Lincoln or Leicester, we think it would be advisable to use older ewes—not less than two years old. For such ewes as he has we would prefer a Southdown ram.

Over 11,000 bushels of potatoes have been shipped from Huron County already this year.

THE LIBERTY FARMERS' CLUB.

The October meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club was held at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dunn, on the 4th inst.

R. D. M. Edwards made a motion, which was adopted, that a committee be selected to assign experiments or tests to all members of the Club at the next annual meeting; the tests to be made during the year and reported at the following annual meeting, or sooner if completed.

Mrs. J. D. Crispell read a selection from the MICHIGAN FARMER HOUSEHOLD, "A Story of a Dream."

The subject for discussion, "Woman's Work," was opened by Mrs. M. E. Wetherby, who said—There is a great diversity of work for women. The temporal, the moral, the intellectual, the religious or spiritual work, each have their distinct features and modes of operation; and yet any woman may work to some extent along all these lines. Women are home makers or keepers; but this does not imply that they must always stay at home, or do nothing outside the home circle. She needs to come in contact with the outside world that she may gain strength, courage, wisdom to make perfect her own pure structure. It is the duty, and should be the pleasure of every woman to make home pleasant for its inmates. This requires that she herself be a model of all that is true, gentle, loving and kind, full of good cheer and tender sympathy for all. She is not only to care for the temporal needs of her children, but their intellectual and moral and spiritual needs. She must keep up with the advanced thought of the day, that she may be able to impress upon their minds the best and purest thoughts and principles gleaned therefrom.

These are professorships of literature, journalism, law, medicine, also positions in government (offices, open to woman. She may be a teacher or an evangelist, a nurse or a household angel. She may enter any door for which she is fitted and capable with perfect impunity, and no one has a right to say her nay. Women as nurses or physicians are eminently successful.

Mrs. P. Lewis—Things have changed much within a few years. Women are no longer expected to stay at home all the time. There are so many things in a social way she can do, so many places where girls can work and earn something for themselves. I think it more honorable for them to work than to be dependent. Women are becoming equal to man in many ways. Their education is as complete, and I can not see why they should not vote. Think there would be an improvement if they did.

Rev. Mr. Keene—I think women's work can be enlarged. Men are apt to look upon women as unresponsible. They are not the embodiment of reason as man is, and why? Woman has not, until recently, had the opportunities of educating and cultivating her reasoning powers. It is only lately that our educational institutions have been opened to her. She has already come up to man in many respects. We say the woman's sphere is the home. No one will deny that her duty should be to make home genial and happy. But how can she exert her influence outside of her home? Can she be taking the offices cleanse them of their impurities? In Wyoming and Nebraska where men have failed to cleanse those places, women have filled the office of mayor and others, and driven out these immoralities. She has been allowed a place and used these powers, things have been made better. Do we not see men are biased in allowing women those privileges? Where is there any reason or common sense in saying women should not vote as well as men?

Mrs. H. Smith—If we are not man's equal in physical courage, we are in moral courage. I am afraid of a mouse, but in moral courage I am a lion.

Mrs. B. Hill—We have to keep our tongues wagging to keep things straight. I would not sell my vote for beer.

Mrs. Wetherby—In the times of the old Christian martyrs, women walked up to the stake without flinching, even if they were afraid of a mouse.

Mrs. Randall—Every one has a work. Some are fitted for one thing, some for another. Each should do her work to the best of her ability. I could not reach, yet others can. Some are admitted to the bar. Some are more intelligent than others. It is the little things which make up the sum of life, not the big things. I think women will be allowed to vote, and some of us will live to see it.

H. Smith—I think women's brains equal to men's. There is a difference in physical development. We need more women to work in the house. Man and wife are one and I think one vote is all that is needed. It seems voting would only bring discord in families.

A. Dunn—I think we would have to draw lots to see which would vote. They ought to have the right of franchise.

Mr. Randall—Women need to cultivate their physical frames.

Rev. Mr. Keene—Every reform takes time. It is the fighting of a reform that produces good results. We must bring about these things little by little, and see them as God sees them.

Mrs. West read a fine selection, "Oiler Joe."

The second subject for discussion, "The

Competitions and Combinations of Our Country," was opened by Mr. West, who said: I hold that competition should be free and open to all, and not hampered by trusts and combinations; that it should be conducted with fairness and in a spirit of humanity and generosity. If competition is free and equal to all, with special advantages to none, no great concentration of wealth in the hands of a few is possible. The only objects trusts and combinations have is to destroy the force of competition, that greater wealth may be centered in fewer hands. I am of the opinion that corporations in all their dealings with the public should be held to a strict accountability by the government, and no discrimination between persons and places allowed. Any attempt to suppress competition should be held as a criminal offense against the public. Almost everything now days is sold under the baneful influence of combinations and trusts. There is the oil trust, the sugar trust, the tea trust, the coffee trust, the schoolbook trust, the binder twine trust, and greatest of all, the money trust which raised money not long ago in New York nearly two hundred per cent. All of these have but one object; to raise prices by destroying competition. The farmer belongs to no trust or combination, but sells his produce in the open markets of the world in peaceable competition with all his kind. This is mainly the reason there are so few very rich farmers. He pays four-fifths of the taxes of the nation and he holds two-fifths of the votes. The products of his farm enter into all the commercial transactions of the country, furnishing 80 per cent of the export trade. Still he is not prosperous. Before the war the American farmer was socially, politically and financially the equal of any class in the land. He grew with the country. Politically he filled with honor the position of president, governor, senator, congressman and judge, and state and county officers to the full extent his numbers and interests entitled him. Now have we farmer senators? Two out of eighteen. Representatives? Fifteen out of three hundred and thirty. Judges? No. Governors? Rarely. Control of State legislatures? Not often. Has the country grown? Very rapidly. The population has doubled, the wealth greatly increased; there are more rich men than in any other country. In 1850 the farmer owned 70 per cent of the property of the United States. In 1880, 33 per cent. Has he been relieved of a proportionate share of the taxes? In 1880 he paid 80 per cent of all the taxes. In 1885 he still paid 80 per cent. That is a blessing he still enjoys unmolested. There is only one crop which seems to flourish on every kind of soil, which no drought or flood can injure, and always commanding a high price—the gilt edge, high bred real estate mortgage at seven per cent.

W. E. Kennedy—The paper in the main expresses my opinion. The grain market ought to be controlled by the law of supply and demand. I claim speculators have controlled the markets of the country, and they control them in the interest of their pocketbooks. The bulls and bears change off. One day bulls will be buyers, the next sellers. While we are not organized we have to take just what they will give. It is not right.

Legrande Smith—This subject needs a great deal of thought. A combination of farmers will do good; for instance, as of this Club. I think its members will do good. I think oil is cheaper than it would be if there were no trust. They can put more into storehouses than could be done without. The railroads are what have built up our country. We produce too much. The production has increased more than the consumption.

H. Smith—Are we not all liable to be a little cranky in regard to this subject? Farms which could be bought before the war for \$12 per acre, would not be sold now for \$40 per acre. Consider for a moment the rapid development of this country. The government has said "Take a farm without money, and without price. We will encourage building railroads and help you to send your produce to the markets of the world." The amount of production has increased, the area of cultivated farms has increased. Our markets have controlled the civilized world, especially in cereals. It is true there is danger of monopolies becoming oppressive. I believe the government has the power to suppress them. We are a government for the people, by the people. We ought to have more farmers to represent us in legislation. There is corruption there.

R. D. M. Edwards—We are too apt to compare the past with the present. We think the times so bad now. Before the war tea was 50 cents to 75 cents per lb. Black sugar such as few use now, was six cents per lb. I sold hogs for \$2.50 per hundred dressed. No boy has seen that time. Money was from 10 per cent to 25 per cent. Then we had no combines. We would pay 25 cents for oil now were it not for the trust. The combinations and trusts are a benefit, and yet they hold a dangerous power. Combinations have lessened prices, and yet are making money. The Big Four can sell beef for one-half, and the consumer is benefited thereby. Combines have kept things on a reasonable basis. As farmers are we so much worse off than any one else? Today daily papers are delivered to us before daylight. We must meet combination with combination. Let us unite in a purely

farmers' organization; then we can say what we will get for our produce.

D. H. Speer—I have lived in Michigan 50 years. Have known men who had to get in debt for their breakfast when they came here, who are now worth \$25,000. If you want money you must go to the bank.

Mr. Randall—If the farmers want control they should not be complaining of being inferior beings.

The subjects for discussion at the next meeting will be "The Rising and Marketing of Wheat," opened by J. D. Crispell, and "The Farmer's Wife, Her Labors and Rewards," opened by Mrs. Randall.

Adjourned to meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Winans on the first Saturday in November. Mrs. J. D. CRISPELL, Club Reporter.

FOR THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

The club held its regular meeting on October 11, and in connection therewith its fifth annual fair, at the homes of J. Backus, and A. Smith, of Webster. The exhibit was good notwithstanding all the members did not bring articles for exhibition. These fairs are beneficial to quite an extent. One sees what his neighbors are producing, and can examine for himself, ask questions and have them answered in a practical way, and not by the agent or person who is interested in them only as they bring in the cash when sold, regardless of their real value. The list of exhibitors was as follows:

Abner Butler—Yellow dent corn of the Leaning variety; was an excellent specimen; Russian pumpkin; Nonesuch apples. Edwin Ball—Mammoth long red wurtzel, improved sugar beets, bean beans. W. E. Boyden—Cabbage, white dent corn, mammoth long red wurtzel; improved sugar beets, Alexander potatoes, Baldwin apples. B. Quail—Yellow and white dent and Spunk corn, white turnip, white elephant potatoes, Nonesuch, Baldwin, and Northern Spy apples.

A. Smith—White dent corn, White Swedeh oats, Late Rose potatoes.

G. Merrill—White dent corn, Clark No. 1 and White Star potatoes.

E. A. Nordman—White Dutch cabbage, Hathaway's dent corn.

A. Phelps—Concord grapes, Dutch potatoes from Imp seed.

C. M. Starks—Ox heart carrot.

A. Olaver—White dent corn.

H. Scadin—Five Shropshire lambs, one weighing 95 lbs.

H. Scadin—11 photographic chemicals, negatives, camera, etc.

R. McCall—White turnip.

Mrs. Chamberlain—Cauliflower, quinces.

Mrs. Bodgett—Quinces.

Nettie Latson—Work from the blind school, cork, worsted trimming, etc.

Alice Ball—Truck and basket panicle, basket of pansies, sweet peas.

Mrs. Wm. Ball—Dahlias, Nasturtiums.

Ada Latson—Crocked eggs.

Mrs. Wm. Latson—Pillow sham.

Flora Lincoln—Crocked tulle.

Mrs. A. Olaver—Dresser scarf.

Ann Latson—Crocked eggs.

Lizzie Burnham—Pin cushion.

Clara Phelps—Two picture drapes, two paintings—dog and game, basket panicle.

Elsie Cranston—Picture drape.

Mrs. A. Smith—Lot of bread.

Vida Pierce—Handkerchief case, crocheted trimming.

Mrs. H. Scadin—Handkerchief case, button bag.

The committee on entertainment reported that the November meeting would be held at the residence of Abner Butler, in the township of Hamburg, November 8th, 1890. Questions for discussion at that time—"What is the most economical way of storing coarse feed, and feeding coarse grain to stock to get the best results?"

The committee on organization of a County Farmers' Club reported progress in the right direction, and with two more members added, the committee was instructed to go on and aid in forming a permanent organization, in accordance with its best judgment. A recitation by Arthur Lincoln followed.

"Cause of the decline of population in the rural districts" was the question upon which Johnson Backus opened the discussion for the meeting, notwithstanding he was confronted with evident proof to the contrary by

Our Great Fruit

California, Southern Fruit is disposed at present to above mining; to value than gold. Fruit growing increasing in importance a good many years, and taken a notable jump for interested are careful to as not a boom. Booms are rare. The jump is explained development, and two very given why it should be so are of the fruit crop in the market for the exceptional crop produced in California improved means of transport the growers to get their continent both quickly and consequently farmers are planning for consumption in formerly were not considerations. A second reason and repeated experiments of cultivation and handling, and the best recovered, and the certainty necessary to a profitable industry, while the old obstacles of danger can be avoided, and the occupation is not surprising that people fruit growing and rapidly flourish. The industry is a happy climate suited to the farm once started the what there is of it is pleasing; outside of the possibility of strange and mysterious trees and plants, there when the visitations do suffer as severely as you do to do is to grow the fruit and firms stand ready to attend and to the market everybody who can grow requires a special gift, as found to his cost after having fruit farm. There are failures even in this garden land of

There is one branch of in which California has a monopoly; it is the production of Raisins. Raisins were prepared when California was Spanish. It is only since 1885 that have discovered the secret and spicy raisins on a large scale. At first growers tried to methods of manufacture were uncertain, but generally they worked out a method which proved admirable, long by a natural process kind without adding of any mixture. In 1885 the State was 9,000,000 year it will probably be The importation of Maltese United States has fallen 2,500,000 boxes a year year.—N. Y. Herald.

Culture of the Cherry

The Horticultural Trade following account of culture in England, in a paper read at the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society of London. The article may be of interest to growers, as showing English methods.

Kent is the greatest cherry county in England. There is there in the time of Henry under the care of Richard frutier, at Newington, tingbourne, on the main to Dover, and the family, there by men of the same trade. This parish still is as the best district for cherry, and in the deer they attain to a great size 80 feet high. The annuals from all parts, and a year in the locality.

The older orchards have haphazard way, but the straight lines at 24 to 28 perfect visions of Palladian, with their grace white, the beauty of which is admired by those who have in fact for the blossoms worthy of a place in the cloisters. All these are and form convenient lambing and for cattle not put in when the young orchards were in. In order to produce the juicy, and of good color maintained by fattening being well fed on corn. Pigs are sometimes kept and in order to get the best in a limited space, the next space, and so these limited portions allow the animals a full the leaves or fruits are out, as they will break and in young orchards age.

In starting fresh several ways of procedure. If the land is already feet square are prepared at 24 to 30 feet apart, much upon the surface are "cradled" with wire curule fixed. As the growth loses of space, the plums, and dam between them, such their cost before the double age; and when the other trees, which twenty years, they are orchards cannot be too one grower told me he sets of cherries per annum that the cherries were crop for £1,000 on an orchards of cherries in the ordinary soil.

Another way, and quicker return, is to apart, and fill up with plums at 15 feet, a ground with red berries at five or six feet the land has to be dug

Horticultural.

Our Great Fruit Garden.

California, Southern California especially, is disposed at present to exalt agriculture above mining; to value fruit more highly than gold. Fruit growing has been steadily increasing in importance as an industry for a good many years, and this season it has taken a notable jump forward. But those interested are careful to say that the jump is not a boom. Booms are no longer fashionable. The jump is explained to be legitimate development, and two very good reasons are given why it should be so marked. The fall of the fruit crop in the East created a market for the exceptionally large and fine crop produced in California this season, and improved means of transportation enabled the growers to get their wares across the continent both quickly and profitably. Consequently farmers are planting now to grow fruit for consumption in districts which formerly were not considered in their calculations. A second reason is that after long and repeated experiments the right methods of cultivation and handling have been discovered, and the best results can now be reached with the certainty and the simplicity necessary to a profitable pursuit of the industry, while the old obstacles and sources of danger can be avoided. The profitability of the occupation being assured it is not surprising that people should take to fruit growing and rapidly become fat and happy. The industry is carried on in a delicious climate amid delightful surroundings; the farm once started the labor is light, and what there is of it is pleasant and interesting; outside of the possibility of visitations of strange and mysterious diseases to the trees and plants, there is no worry, and when the visitations do come your neighbors suffer as severely as you do. All you have to do is to grow the fruit; kind corporations and firms stand ready to pay you for it, and attend to the marketing. But it is not everybody who can grow fruit. Success here requires a special gift, as many a man has found to his cost after investing his all in a fruit farm. There are failures and tragedies even in this garden land of plenty.

There is one branch of the fruit industry in which California has almost acquired a monopoly; it is the production of raisins. Raisins were prepared at the old missions when California was Spanish territory but it is only since 1885 that American growers have discovered the secret of producing rich and luscious raisins on a large scale with profit. At first growers tried to imitate the Spanish methods of manufacture, and the results were uncertain, but generally bad. Gradually they worked out a method of their own, which proved admirable. It consists in drying by a natural process grapes of the right kind without adding or dipping them into any mixture. In 1885 the raisin product of the State was 9,000,000 pounds, and this year it will probably be 45,000,000 pounds. The importation of Malaga raisins into the United States has fallen from an average of 1,500,000 boxes a year to 80,000 boxes last year.—N. Y. Herald.

Culture of the Cherry in England.

The *Horticultural Times* gives the following account of culture of the cherry in England, in a paper read before the conference of British fruit growers in September. The article may be of interest to our fruit growers, as showing English methods: Kent is the greatest cherry producing county in England. They were introduced there in the time of Henry VIII, and put under the care of Richard Hains, the King's fruiterer, at Newington, a village near Sittingbourne, on the main road from London to Dover, and the family is now represented there by men of the same name in the fruit trade. This parish still maintains its reputation as the best district for the culture of the cherry, and in the deep brick earth there they attain to a great size, as much as 70 or 80 feet high. The annual sales attract buyers from all parts, and are the event of the year in the locality.

The older orchards have been planted in a haphazard way, but the more modern are in straight lines at 24 to 48 feet apart, and are perfect visions of Paradise when in full flower, with their graceful wreaths of snowy white, the beauty of which cannot be imagined by those who have never seen them; in fact for the blossom alone cherries are worthy of a place in parks and garden enclosures. All these orchards are in grass, and form convenient sheltered spots for lambing and for cattle, which, however, are not put in when the leaves fall, or into young orchards where they eat the boughs. In order to produce the finest fruit, large, juicy, and of good color, these orchards are maintained by fattening sheep in them, such being well fed on corn, cake, and rich food. Pigs are sometimes kept in such orchards, and in order to get direct benefit they should be penned in a limited space until the grass is eaten away, and then they are moved to the next space, and so on. It is better to do these limited portions thoroughly than to allow the animals a full run. During the time the leaves or fruits are on all cattle are kept out, as they will break the lower boughs, and in young orchards do irreparable damage.

In starting fresh plantations there are several ways of procedure.

If the land is already in grass, holes two feet square are prepared, and the trees planted at 24 to 30 feet apart, the roots being as much upon the surface as possible, and they are "cradled" with chestnut battens securely fixed. As this wider planting is a great loss of space, the smaller-growing apples, pears, and damsons are planted between them, such extra trees paying for their cost before the cherries come to a profitable age; and when the cherry boughs meet the other trees, which would be in fifteen or twenty years, they are cut out. Old cherry orchards cannot be too highly manured, and a grower told me he had fattened about four sets of sheep per annum in his orchards, and that the cherries were so fine that he sold the crop for £1,000 on a small acre; but young orchards of cherries should only be planted in the ordinary soil.

Another way, and one which brings a quicker return, is to plant cherries at 30 feet apart, and fill up with apples, pears, or plums at 15 feet, and then to plant the ground with red or black currants and gooseberries at five or six feet apart. In this case the land has to be dug annually and heavily

manured in winter, but a crop is taken the second year, and in the fourth or fifth year the apples and other fruits come to bear, the cherries following about the sixth or eighth year.

It is important that land under cherries should not be cultivated, and for the first three or four years four feet from the trees is left untouched; this is gradually increased when in about ten or twelve years the bush fruit is removed and the land laid to grass, the intermediate trees being removed as before.

A Kentish plan is to put cherries in hop gardens at 86 feet apart, and after eight or ten years to lay the whole to grass; they make much progress in this way, as hops must be cultivated highly to be remunerative. A danger in this case arises from too free growth, as sum is incurred by occasional frosts acting on the sappy wood.

The pruning of cherries is of the simplest. They are best allowed a year's growth before cutting back, which should be severely done in order to produce a well-formed balanced head of say, five branches. The extra shoots are cut away, and from this time onwards the trees make a naturally regular balanced head, and only require the boughs to be thinned when they cross each other or are too thickly placed. A man should be able to get his head and shoulders between them easily. If any shoots break or twist off in a gale or through the burden of fruit, they should be cleanly cut away with a sharp knife, and if the form of the tree is seriously injured by this loss, the trees must be cut in hard to form them again; but, as a rule, the less cutting there is the better, and if a saw is necessary the exposed end should be rounded with a sharp knife to assist nature in healing the wound. All young orchards should have the fruit gathered by means of step ladders, as the boughs cannot be reached by the ordinary ladders when young (under ten years old).

When the trees make over a foot of growth yearly they will be better left without any stimulants, but if the new wood is but six inches to nine inches long they should be assisted with the manure before named, or by the application of liquid manure or dressings of any description of dung, or failing that bone dust, Odam's blood manure, Thomson's manure, or any similar chemical fertilizer will assist them. The cherry naturally roots upon the surface, and this feels the benefit at once.

In making new orchards care should be taken to plant a considerable quantity in one spot, otherwise birds will take the crop. A few cherries in a mixed orchard are rarely a paying investment. When in bulk it pays to have a man to scare or shoot the birds on the ground day and night. To do this a hut should be provided for him to sleep in, and he can thus keep off other animals to whom cherries are a luxury. In the day he assists to move the ladders for the pickers, who in Kent are frequently women, who earn good money at the work, either by day or agreement per half acre of 24 lbs. One gathering generally clears the trees, but it pays well to pick the sunny side first, and also the outside of the branches; this causes the remaining fruit to swell up, and if these larger samples are marketed in 12 lb. baskets or "quarters" they frequently make 20s. to 30s. per bushel, or 5d. to 9d. per lb.

Bartlett Pears at Niagara.

The vicinity of Niagara, in New York, is a great country for pears, especially Bartlett's. *Popular Gardening* thus describes Mr. John Hopkins' method of cultivation: The trees are mostly Bartlett's—standards of course—this variety covering about two acres, with trees about twenty-five years old, and planted twelve feet apart each way. This is rather close, undoubtedly too close for best results; but the trees are well-grown, and loaded with large, perfect specimens of pears. In many instances to the point of breaking. Some trees have more than two barrels of fruit. Indeed it is a sight to behold, and so far as we can learn is not equalled in this part of Western New York.

There are many other pear orchards in the vicinity; but none shows comparatively the same quantity of fruit, nor the perfection in size of the individual specimens found in Mr. Hopkins' orchard, even when the trees are given much more space. What is the secret of this?

Mr. Hopkins says it is manure and cultivation; and from the whole appearance of the orchard, and a comparison with others, we are convinced he is right.

Neither grass nor weed is to be seen in the orchard. Clean cultivation has been practiced right straight through; and during the seven weeks drought in July and August, when other farm work was pressing, man and team have spent whole days harrowing the ground among the trees. The hired men could not see the point then, and thought they were wasting time. We imagine they see the utility of that kind of work now, as they are picking the excellent crop.

So far as the fertilizer supply is concerned, Mr. Hopkins is favored more than most other cultivators of the soil, as he had an opportunity to buy cow manure at a dairy in the neighborhood—one hundred loads of about three tons each costing him only 50 cents a load. Of course it is a most excellent bargain, for such a load is easily worth \$6.00. A good share of this manure is going into the pear orchard.

These Bartlett pear trees have borne full crops annually for many years without a miss. Three years ago when the present owner came into the possession of the place, the crop sold at \$3.00 per barrel, bringing about \$1,200 in the aggregate. The next year, as Mr. Hopkins gained more experience in selling his products, \$3.50 were realized per barrel, and the revenue from the crop amounted to over \$1,400. Last year he sold the crop at \$4.00 per barrel, with still larger aggregate returns than the year before.

The present is, of course, an exceptional season. The whole crop is contracted and now being delivered to a canning establishment, the managers of which pay five cents per pound for first and second quality, and 2½ cents per pound for the culls. The crop will probably amount to between 850 and 400 barrels, and bring Mr. Hopkins the nest little sum of about \$5,000, without involving him in any expense besides picking, sorting, and drawing to the railroad station. The buyers are furnishing the needed packages.

The aggregate returns from these two

acres in Bartlett for the past four years, this year included, amount to about \$7,000. We hardly think any of our readers will question the statement that Bartlett pears are a profitable crop in this vicinity.

Mr. Hopkins tells us that aside from this exceptional season, \$4.00 per barrel is probably an average of prices obtained for the fruit. At the same time a little experience in selling the product to advantage is easily worth 50 cents or \$1.00 per barrel to the grower, and perhaps more.

As an instance of this, he sold, as already stated, at five cents per pound for the better grades and 2½ cents per pound for the culls. Other growers sold their crop at four cents per pound right through, imagining that they got as much in this way as Mr. Hopkins. Now the usual proportion of culls is less than one-fifth of the crop. Thus Mr. Hopkins gets 22½ cents for each five pounds, while other growers receive only 20 cents for the same quantity. In other words, Mr. Hopkins' price is ten per cent higher than that paid to his neighbors.

We still have to say that Mr. Hopkins has started a young orchard of Bartlett's, larger than the other; thus providing a substitute should the older orchard give out. Blight has already done some damage to the older trees, and under this system of high feeding with barnyard manure and clean cultivation, may soon become very serious. It is the only drawback to this business.

Why Fruit Cracks.

A correspondent of the *Times-Democrat* offers the following very philosophical explanation of the cause of the cracking of fruit, which is a cause of much loss to orange growers:

Almost every one has noticed that juicy fruits, such as plums, peaches, grapes, tomatoes, etc., will be cracked by rain. This phenomenon has been of practically frequent occurrence the past season, and the losses to some growers have on this account been heavy. The cracking has been explained in various ways; but we think it is properly attributed by Bessingault to osmosis.

If a bladder filled with syrup be immersed in a vessel of water it will after a while become sweet; the syrup passes through the membrane of the bladder into the water, and correspondingly the water passes into the interior of the bladder, but this interchange is not an equal one; the lighter liquid—the water—passes in many times more rapidly than the heavier liquid—the syrup—passes out. The consequence will be that the bladder will be distended to its utmost, and at length burst.

This is a general law, that where two liquids of unequal densities are separated by a membrane, whether animal or vegetable, they will interchange, the weaker liquid passing more rapidly than the denser one, and this will be kept up until the liquid upon both sides of the membrane is of the same density.

A ripe tomato or plum may be considered in the condition of the bladder of syrup. The rich juices of the fruit correspond to the syrup, and the thin membrane which forms the skin of the fruit represents the bladder. When the ripe fruit is kept constantly wet by a rain, osmosis takes place, and the water passing through into the fruit distends the skin, which not being very strong is soon ruptured.

If the fruit were to be surrounded by a liquid denser than its juices, it would, instead of expanding and breaking up, shrink and the skin become shriveled. When strawberries or blackberries are sprinkled with sugar a syrup is soon formed by some of the juice of the fruit and this being considerably denser than the juice of the berries, they are soon flabby and shriveled.

FLORICULTURAL.

There is no better time than October for transplanting most of our hardy perennials. Some of these have grown too clumpy and need dividing; others do not satisfy us in regard to their position, and a change seems advisable. Then let it be done before too late this fall.

On Belle Isle, our Detroit Park, between the Casino and the river, is a bed of colums and candelabras. It is in the shape of a star with a circle in the centre, and in this are the words, "Points of the Compass." The points then in the right position have the words, North, South, East and West, respectively. Hundreds have studied it this summer.

Popular Gardening gives the following directions for germinating the seeds of Mimulus or monkey flower: The leaves of one variety have a strong, musky odor; many of the new French varieties are far ahead of the old sorts. A packet of mixed seed can be had of most florists for ten cents—and out of this small sum you will get more real enjoyment than from a dollar's worth of some other plants that are hard to rear. The seeds are very small and should be sown very thinly on the surface in pots of damp sifted soil. Do not cover, only press the seed down gently with the back of a spoon. Dip a funnel cloth in tepid water and cover the earth with it; set in a sunny window and in a few days the tiny plants show like a green fuzz. Then remove the cloth. After the plants get a little size, bunches of them are taken up with a spoon and set in pots or boxes of rich light soil—half leaf mold, half good garden earth, with enough sand to make it light. They must have good drainage and plenty of water, for they are thirsty plants. Some varieties have a drooping habit, and are fine for hanging baskets. After blooming all summer some of the plants can be trimmed closely, repotted in fresh soil and make fine window plants for winter, or a few seeds can be sown in early autumn for the same purpose.

The Resurrection Plant belongs to the family of club mosses, and is named by botanists *Ecladophora lepidophylla*. It is a sometimes also called *siempre vive*. It is a native of our Southwestern States. When placed in warm water it has the peculiar property of changing in a short time its dried-up form like an old bird's-nest to a living plant of a fern-like beauty. In its native haunts it thrives and grows only in the rainy season. When the dry season is on, it closes up its fronds, and will remain in this condition for a number of years without losing its vitality. This principle is taken advantage of. The plants are collected

from their far-away homes and become an article of commerce, selling in stores and other places. Without soil or anything else they may be kept in drawers in this dry state, then laid in a saucer of water, the fronds folded over, and the plant is a living, green, growing subject once more. It may then be dried again, and afterward undergo the same singular process many times. In this manner, however, it cannot increase its growth, and finally dies altogether. Gardeners grow it in pots, the same as other plants of its character, but in that condition it has nothing especially attractive, and may be really classed among the curiosities of vegetation. —*Prairie Farmer*.

The color of the hydrangea, according to the *Journal of Horticulture*, is a variable quality, according to the nature of the soil and water supplied. In general, he says, Hydrangeas growing in a peaty soil flower blue, while those in soil of an opposite character produce pink flowers, but there are exceptions in both cases. As a proof that iron alone will not always change a pink hydrangea into a blue one, large quantities of that metal have been at times added to the soil without the desired effect. Neither has alum dissolved in the water applied to the plants been always attended with success. On the other hand, now and then a plant will produce blue flowers without apparent cause. This plant will not produce blue flowers when grown in a pot and in a peat soil, and water impregnated, perhaps with chalk or lime, is supplied to it from a well. Water of this kind neutralizes the effects of the peat and the flowers are pink instead of blue. Many of the so-called failures in obtaining blue flowers undoubtedly arise from this and similar causes. Those, therefore, who expect to have blue flowers on hydrangeas ought to be careful what description of water is supplied them, and it is not too much to say that this has really more to do with the success of the plants than the soil they are grown in; but to make doubly sure the one as well as the other ought to be duly attended to.

The *California Fruit Grower* says: There are but few hardy flowers which are more showy or grow better in every part of California [and we may add in Michigan as well.—Ed.] than the old-fashioned perennial phlox. While the flowers are not fragrant, they are extremely abundant and the plants require but little water or attention. The latter are points highly appreciated in parts of the State where water is scarce. The white variety is, on account of its milk-white purity, one of the most sought-after of flowers for very many purposes. Many years ago the perennial and herbaceous phlox were among the best known of garden flowers, but other favorites supplanted them until they were threatened with oblivion. Thanks, however, to some of our enterprising florists and seedsmen, the varieties have been vastly improved in colors and making by hybridizing, and their intrinsic worth has been recognized. The perennial phlox is a native of North America and thrives most everywhere. They will even withstand the severe winters of the East without artificial protection.

The flowers are at their best in the middle of summer when most other plants are out of bloom. The flower heads remain in perfection for many weeks. They are very useful for planting in flower gardens to accompany and take the place of early blooming plants. They can either be grown from cuttings or increased from a division of the root. They should not be disturbed for three or four years, if the best results are desired. By this time they will have formed dense clumps, which will be perfect masses of beauty.

Horticultural Items.

The Ypsilanti says Stephen Ellis, of Worden, sold his apple crop on the trees for \$600. There were about 300 barrels.

In the vicinity of La Salle, on the Niagara River, where much fruit is grown, the Wilson strawberry is still the chief variety grown.

The Kalamazoo celery-growing district embraces over 1,600 acres. One farm varying in size from a quarter of an acre to ten acres, but there is one of sixty acres.

A GENTLEMAN who has recently made a tour among the Grimby, Ont., fruit growing section, notes the surpassing beauty of the cultivated lands devoted to fruit, like an immense garden of Eden.

The *Evart Review* says the exhibit of vegetables and fruit at the Osceola County fair this season, counts if not excels that at the Detroit Exposition in quality and excellence, but not quite in number of entries.

THERE is a nursery of 400 acres in Nebraska, 85 acres of which are devoted to young forest trees, some thirty million or over in all. The young trees sell at from 50 cents to \$1.50 per thousand, according to quality, etc., and trade in them is good.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London (*Eng.*) *Garden* is responsible for the following, which conveys a horticultural truth:

"That those who plant pears grow fruit for their heirs; But folks have learnt since If you graft on the quince, The fruit will develop for you."

LA SALLE, on the Niagara river, is a great region for growing the Bartlett pear. The crop is mostly bought up by canning factories, who pay by the pound for the fruit, this year paying five cents a pound. The owner of a two-acre orchard claims to have received \$1,700 in four years from the land, a pretty good revenue.

JAMES PATTERSON, of Elbridge, picked from one peach tree on the Tice farm, recently, eight tubs of white seedling peaches. He brought them to town and sold them for \$1.35 per bushel. Had they been superior fruit they would have brought \$5 to \$6 per bushel. W. D. Markham sold six baskets of Lombard plums at a dollar a basket, receiving this price because of the fineness of the fruit which had been left on the trees until fully ripe.—*Hart Argus*.

To gather grapes for keeping, choose a dry day when the fruit is fully ripe. They should be picked with as little disturbance of their bloom as is possible, and every bruised or imperfect berry should be removed. Dip the end of the stems in wax and cover each bunch with tissue paper to prevent the fruit from shriveling. In this way Isabella and Catawba may be kept in fair condition until January.

There will be, says the *American Cultivator*,

no export trade in apples this year. Large quantities of apples are exported from Canada, where the crop is good, though not a full one. The varieties are somewhat different from those grown in the United States. Boston and New York dealers say that good fruit, well packed and handled, can be sold in those markets at a handsome profit. Prices of dried and evaporated apples are expected to double those of last year.

Bolls and pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

Apianian.

The International American Bee Association.

This Association will hold its 21st annual convention in the G. A. R. hall, at Keokuk, Iowa, October 29, 30 and 31, 1890. As this is the first meeting of this important Association west of the Mississippi, a large attendance is expected. All necessary information will be sent those desirous of attending, by the Secretary, C. P. Dadant, Hamilton, Illinois.

Foul Brood in the Fall.

The Canadian Inspector of bees, appointed especially to look after cases of foul brood, recommends the following treatment:

Remove all the combs and honey from the hive of a diseased colony and give them either in their own hives or in another clean hive as many sealed frames of honey from healthy colonies as required for winter, placing a division board on either side of the frames, and the work is done. This is a simple process, is thoroughly successful if properly carried out, and is practicable up to November with ordinary fall weather. Should the healthy sealed honey not be on hand it can be obtained by feeding the strong colonies which you are sure are perfectly free from the disease. The combs of honey must be completely filled and sealed so that there will be no place in them for the bees to de-to-it the diseased honey they may bring with them. It will then be used first, and out of the way before it can do any mischief in brood rearing, which will not be commenced till a space in the combs becomes empty and clear; and in 19 cases in 20 will not be begun at all so late in the fall. This is a sure, short and easy method of cure for fall.

The new fad of living bees automatically is done by placing a drone and queen trap in front of the hive in such a way that the worker bees can pass in and out of the hive, but the drone and queen cannot. So that, when the queen comes out she cannot follow, but remains in the cage, and as soon as the bees miss her they will return.

C. H. DIMBURN, in the *Bee Journal*, in speaking of the accusation that beekeepers feed sugar syrup to bees in such quantity that the bees store it, when the resultant "honey" is sold at a big profit says, that even if sugar can be brought for 7½ cents and honey is worth 15 cents per pound, experiments show that it requires fully two pounds of granulated sugar to get the bees to store one pound of honey, and this would bring the actual cost up to 15 cents per pound. Then sections and comb foundation also cost money, and it is lots of bother to prepare and feed the bees. Some may doubt that it requires two pounds of sugar to produce a pound of this kind of "honey," and ask what becomes of the other pound. Well, this constant feeding greatly stimulates the bees, and they commence breeding rapidly, which consumes large quantities of stores, and it requires some 20 pounds of liquid sweets to produce a pound of wax. Then the extra labor and activity consume more food, and that is what becomes of fully one-half the honey or sugar syrup fed to them.

CHILDREN

Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

Strangling.

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Woodbridge, Wortham, Texas.

For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

JAMES PATTERSON, of Elbridge, picked from one peach tree on the Tice farm, recently, eight tubs of white seedling peaches. He brought them to town and sold them for \$1.35 per bushel. Had they been superior fruit they would have brought \$5 to \$6 per bushel. W. D. Markham sold six baskets of Lombard plums at a dollar a basket, receiving this price because of the fineness of the fruit which had been left on the trees until fully ripe.—*Hart Argus*.

To gather grapes for keeping, choose a dry day when the fruit is fully ripe. They should be picked with as little disturbance of their bloom as is possible, and every bruised or imperfect berry should be removed. Dip the end of the stems in wax and cover each bunch with tissue paper to prevent the fruit from shriveling. In this way Isabella and Catawba may be kept in fair condition until January.

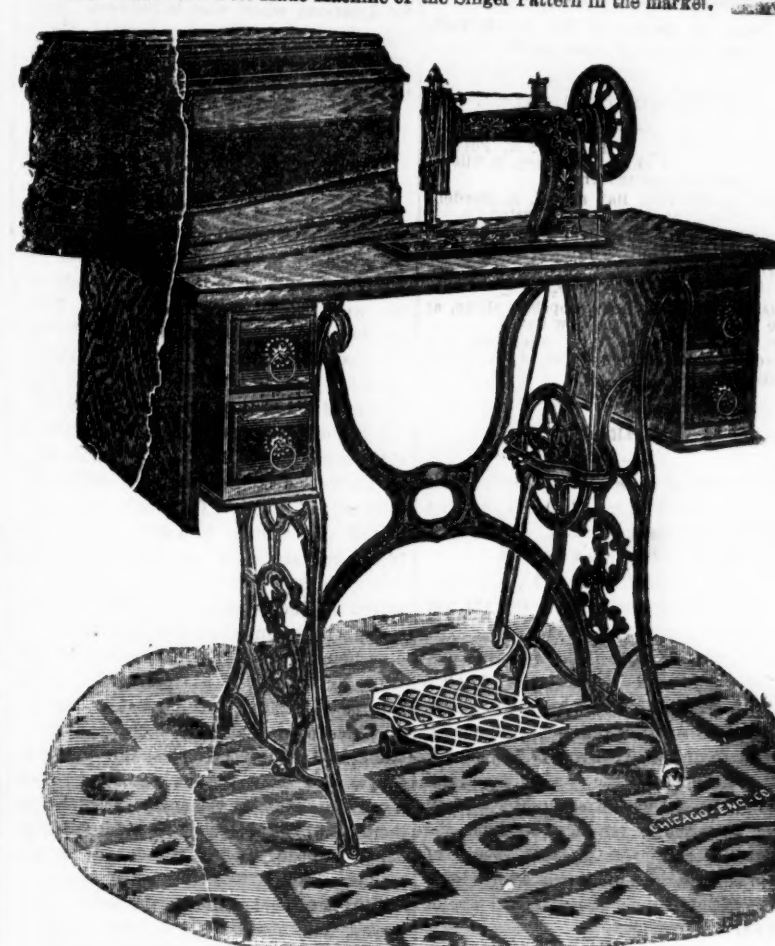
There will be, says the *American Cultivator*,

Sewing Machines!

ONE - THIRD PRICE!!

THE NEW AND GREATLY IMPROVED HIGH-ARM SINGER

The Finest and Best Made Machine of the Singer Pattern in the market.



HIGH-ARM IMPROVED SINGER.

With each of these machines we furnish one Ruffler, one Tucker, one set Hemmers, one Foot Hemmer, one Sewing Driver, one Wrench, one Oil Can and Oil, one Gauge, one Gauge Thumb-Screw, one extra Throat-Plate, one extra Check-Spring, one paper Needles, six Bobbins, and one Instruction Book. These articles are all included in the price named.

Bear in mind that these machines are thoroughly made and of first-class workman-

ship, and EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These machines furnished to subscribers of the FARMER for

\$18.00!

Which includes also a year's subscription to the paper. There never was a high-arm machine sold before for less than three times this price.

These Machines Guaranteed for Five Years.

Purchaser pays freight, which runs from 65c. to 90c. on each machine, according to location of purchaser.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDERS.

Samples of these machines can be seen at this office. Address orders to

GIBBONS BROTHERS,

DETROIT, MICH.

OUR NEW MACHINE

"THE MICHIGAN."

Manufactured expressly for the MICHIGAN FARMER.

We have Tested all the Machines Manufactured and finally decided on the MICHIGAN as the Simplest in Construction, the Finest in Finish, the Lightest Running, and doing the Best Quality of Work. This decision we arrived at for the following reasons:

1st. All the parts are made of the finest metal, and with the utmost care and precision, and are subjected to the test of an accurate steel gauge, before being assembled.
2d. It is simple in construction—having few parts, no complication, and no liable to get out of order.
3d. It is a high arm, giving ample room for any kind of work.
4th. It has a self-setting needle, thereby saving the operator much annoyance. It is very light-running, and not tiresome to the operator.
5th. It does a wide range of work, either fine or coarse, and cuts equally as good.
6th. It has the Fish Patent Loose Balance Wheel, nickel-plated—with Patent-Stop Motion, the most complete arrangement of the kind in use.
7th. All the running parts of the machine subjected to wear, are made of the finest steel, case-hardened, thereby insuring great durability.
We furnish with each machine a complete set of attachments, put up in a velvet-lined case, consisting of one Ruffler, one Tucker, one Quilter, one Shirrer, one Binder, and one set of Hemmers; also the following accessories: Six Bobbins, one Paper Needles, one Foot Hemmer, two Sewing Drivers, one Gauge, one Gauge Thumb-Screw, one extra Throat-Plate, one Oil Can and Oil, and one Instruction Book.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.

Highly Ornamented Head, Nickel-Plated Balance Wheel, Drop-Leaf Table of Oil-Polished Walnut, Gothic Box Cover with French Veneered Panels, Case of Two Drawers at each end of Table, with Locks and Veneered Fronts. These machines will be furnished to subscribers to the FARMER for

\$21.00,

Which Includes a Year's Subscription.

A Guarantee from the manufacturer for five years is sent with each machine.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

The purchaser pays the freight, which will be less than \$1.00 to any part of the State.

A sample of this machine can be seen at the FARMER Office. Address all orders to

GIBBONS BROTHERS,

DETROIT, MICH.

Foreign.

Deaths from cholera at Aleppo, Turkey, average 50 per diem.

Dillon and O'Brien, who managed to escape from the Tipperary Jail, have reached France in safety, and it is reported will soon sail for New York.

The historian Lacey says it is the middleman, "he who is to be blamed for the extortion which has reduced Irish farmers to their present straits."

The crown officers of Holland, after consulting the doctors attending the Dutch king, have declared the condition of his majesty is such that he is unfit to reign. Socialists have held a meeting at which they also decided to the same effect.

The report of the alleged persecution by the Russian government of Hebrews in that country has been fully investigated by both the American and British ministers at St. Petersburg, and found to be false, the Hebrews themselves joining in the denial.

The British governor of Sierra Leone states that nine American missionaries who arrived at Freetown some months ago, were attacked by fever. Three being believers in the "faith cure," refused medical assistance, and died. The other six were compelled to undergo treatment and recovered. The authorities denounced them as "dangerous to the community."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED.

A man to work on a dairy farm. Enquire of GEO. HARPER, JR., Milford, Mich.

FOR SALE.

I have choice Victoria and Poland-China swine and a few Atwood Merinos that I will sell at a bargain. My registered sows Queen of Poland and Victoria Lucy at \$100 each and two-year-old Boar Dandy, Vol. 12, P. C. R.

H. A. DANIELS, ELVA, MICH.

AUCTION SALE

OF IMPORTED SHROPSHIRE SHEEP.

From our importation of 1890 we offer 25 yearling rams and 40 yearling ewes at auction, on Thursday, Oct. 30, 1890,

To begin immediately after a Free Lunch at 12 o'clock.

Each sheep is entered for registry in England and America, and certificates of breeding and transfer will be furnished with sale. No bid less than \$50 on rams and \$30 on ewes will be accepted. No other restrictions will be made. At request of purchasers we will keep and breed all ewes not previously bred free of charge.

One year's time given on approved notes at seven per cent. Catalogues mailed on request. Breeders and importers specially invited.

THE WILLOWS STOCK FARM, PAW PAW, MICH.

AUCTION SALE

POLAND-CHINAS, Kersley Herd.

I will sell at my farm, five miles east and north of the City of Flint, about 50 head of spring pigs and older, from our herd of Poland-China.

Sale on October 29, 1890, Commencing at 11 o'clock, A. M.

All my breeding stock are recorded in Ohio P. C. Record, and are from old reliable breeders, such as E. S. Schellenger & Co. of Ohio, J. D. Williams & Co. of Indiana, Levi Arnold and Brink Bros. of Michigan.

All inquiries addressed to me at Flint, Mich. will receive prompt attention.

C. H. ROCKWOOD.

PUBLIC SALE

Poland-China Swine

SHROPSHIRE SHEEP, On the Fair Grounds, at Niles, Mich.,

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22d, '90

Commencing at 1:30 p. m.

We will sell without reserve our crop of spring pigs—40 head—and 35 registered Shropshire sheep and lambs—12 rams and 13 ewes. We have spared no pains nor expense to get the best. Pedigrees furnished with all sales. No postponement on account of weather. A credit of nine months will be given on notes with approved security.

Send for catalogue and mention this paper.

E. P. ELY & SON, JOHN HARTMAN, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE

Shorthorn Cattle

I will offer for sale at WIXOM, Oakland County, on

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29th,

At 2 o'clock, p. m.

About 25 Head of Shorthorns,

Mostly Young Cattle.

Catalogues will be sent on application.

Address W. C. WIXOM, WIXOM, MICH.

TRAUGOTT SCHMIDT & SONS,

WOOL MERCHANTS,

56 TO 66 CROGHAN STREET,

DETROIT, MICH.

BERKSHIRES.

A few young boars fit for service, and a few sows for sale, cheap, if applied for soon. Quality and breed of the best. Breeding stock recorded.

N. A. CLAPP, WIXOM, MICH.

Osceola County Farmers are Happy.

Biggest crop of all kinds this year. No failures. Go there and buy a farm of 150 acres, one-half cleared; best of soil; all right every way, and price only \$15.00 per acre.

M. E. PARKINSON, EVART, MICH.

FOR SALE.

Pure Kirklingdale Bull; Kirklingdale Duke, 2nd, number 18535. Calved August 23d, 1887; 700 lbs. animal. For further particulars and price address

GEO. A. HART, MANISTE, MICH.

A lot of young boars, ready for service, farrowed this spring, which are extra fine ones. Also a few choice young sows.

A. A. WOOD, SALINE, MICH.

HICKORY GROVE POLAND-CHINAS!

A lot of young boars, ready for service, farrowed this spring, which are extra fine ones. Also a few choice young sows.

A. A. WOOD, SALINE, MICH.

Black Meadow Farm, ROYAL OAK, MICH.,

STANDARD-BRED TROTTERS, BATES-BRED SHORTHORNS, BERKSHIRE PIGS!

The high-bred trotting stallion Teusha Grandie 5001,

will make the season of 1891 at Black Meadow for \$50. By the season, without return privileges. Teusha Grandie was sired by Spartacus 1865; dam Jane by Belmont 84; g. d. Judith dam of Hartford 125; by Manlyville 11; by Spartacus by Belmont 125; dam Queen Lizzie dam of Ormond, 2274; by Spartacus 1865.

Black Meadow Farm, ROYAL OAK, MICH.,

STANDARD-BRED TROTTERS, BATES-BRED SHORTHORNS, BERKSHIRE PIGS!

GREAT PUBLIC SALE

SHORTHORN & HEREFORD CATTLE.

A selection of forty head of well bred Shorthorns, from the well known

HADDINGTON HERD,

Of N. J. STEELE, of Ionia,

will be offered at public sale, on the farm, one mile north of the town of Ionia, on

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12th, 1890,

At 1 o'clock, p. m., sharp.

The off rings will consist of individuals of both sexes from such families as the Wild Eyes, Farrington, Moss Rose, Rose of Sharon, Mazurka, Oxford Vanquish, Georgiana, Lady Durham, Young Phyllis, Harriet, Van Meter, Young Mary, Violet, Cinderella and Strawberry.

Also TEN HEAD OF HEREFORDS,

All Females, of Excellent Breeding and Individual Merit.

These animals will be offered without reserve, and if bid on will be sold.

TERMS: Two per cent off cash; or one year's credit given on approved notes, bearing seven per cent.

Sale will begin promptly at 1 o'clock. The farm is one mile north of Ionia, and conveyances will be at the trains on day of sale to convey passengers to the grounds. Ample accommodations will be provided under shelter, so there will be no postponement on account of weather.

Catalogues will be ready about October 15th, and sent free on application. Address

JOHN L. STEELE, Ionia, Mich.

COL. J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

EUREKA PLACE!

The Home of the Shropshires.

J. S. & W. G. CROSBY, PROPRIETORS,

Greenville, Mich.

A Large Importation Arrived in July and our Mr. Crosby now after another.

The Largest and Best Flock of Shropshires in America.

Write for Prices and Catalogue.

Springdale Farm, Lansing, Mich.

JAMES M. TURNER, Proprietor.

Shorthorn and Hereford Cattle,

CLYDESDALE AND STANDARD BRED TROTTER HORSES,

Shetland Ponies and Shropshire Sheep.

SPECIAL SALE OF

300 SHROPSHIRE!

FOR THE NEXT 90 DAYS.

Imported and Home-bred. 150 RAMS READY FOR SERVICE.

PRUSSIAN SPAVIN CURE

HORSE OWNERS Try the great Germ. Remedy PRUSSIAN SPAVIN CURE. It cures all cases of Spavin, Ringbone, Splints, Scurvy, Strains, Thoroughpins, Lameness, and all other ailments of the horse. It is a sure cure, and is sold by all druggists. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, or \$5.00 per dozen. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. Free at all times. Write for catalogue and mention this paper.

PRUSSIAN REMEDY COMPANY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

FRENCH COACH

Black PERCHERON Stallions

FOR SALE.

The Largest and Best Equipped Stables in the State.

Fifty head of imported and home bred stallions now on sale. Latest importation September 6th. Parties wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to visit us and get prices. French Coach and Black Percherons a specialty. Correspondence solicited and visitors invited. Prices and terms to suit each customer.

Send for catalogue and mention this paper.

E. P. ELY & SON, JOHN HARTMAN, Auctioneer.

EVERGREEN HORSE IMPORTING CO.,

BANGOR, MICH.

STALLIONS!

100 IMPORTED

Registered Clyde, Shire, Percheron, Norman and Trotting Stallions.

Because we take Fancy Trotting Horses to Europe and back, we are enabled to sell imported stock at a third less than any other importer. Regular importations. Every animal fully warranted. Terms easy. Send for catalogue.

Address DR. VALERIUS & CO., WATERTOWN, WIS.

MERINO EWES.

A lot of registered yearling Merino ewes, with dense fleeces of long lapped wool, got by the heavy shearing ram of H. H. 154 and P. C. Wood 134, for sale, simply because flock has got too large for my farm. Terms very reasonable.

Address G. L. HOYT, SALINE, MICH.

HICKORY GROVE MERINOS!

I have a few choice yearling and two or three two year old rams, of my own breeding, which I offer for sale at reasonable prices. Also a few choice yearling ewes by the celebrated Diamond. Come soon if you want your choice.

A. A. WOOD, SALINE, MICH.

HICKORY GROVE POLAND-CHINAS!

A lot of young boars, ready for service, farrowed this spring, which are extra fine ones. Also a few choice young sows.

A. A. WOOD, SALINE, MICH.

Black Meadow Farm, ROYAL OAK, MICH.,

STANDARD-BRED TROTTERS, BATES-BRED SHORTHORNS, BERKSHIRE PIGS!

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Black Meadow Farm, ROYAL OAK, MICH.,

STANDARD-BRED TROTTERS, BATES-BRED SHORTHORNS, BERKSHIRE PIGS!



MERRILL & FIFIELD,

Importers and Breeders of

Hereford Cattle

—AND—

SHROPSHIRE SHEEP.

A few choice animals of both breeds for sale at farmers' prices.

BAY CITY, - MICH.

SPRINGBROOK FARM

DELHI MILLS, MICH.

Shorthorn Cattle

—AND—

MERINO SHEEP!

The Shorthorn herd on this farm was never better than at present.

Lord Hilpa 63417 and Imp. Barrington Barringtonia

AT HEAD OF HERD!

Several Choice Young Bulls for Sale.

Ready for Service this spring.

ALSO A FEW CHOICE FEMALES.

MERINO SHEEP.

Flock of over one hundred breeding ewes, yearlings and lambs of both sexes for sale.

Visitors always welcome. If you cannot come and look over the stock write for particulars. Address

W. E. BOYDEN.

C. F. MOORE, ST. CLAIR, MICH.,

Bates and Bates Topped

SHORTHORNS!

Represented by the following families:

Duchess, Barrington, Kirklingdale, Tea Rose, Victoria Duchess, Pico, Crags, Young Mary, Constance, Moss Rose, and other high bred sorts. At the head of the herd being the Duke of Devon.

GRAND DUKE OF AIRDRIE 63933.

Young stock of both sexes for sale.

OAK HILL

STOCK FARM.

C. E. LOCKWOOD, - Proprietor.

WASHINGTON, MACOMB CO., MICH.

Clydesdale Horses.

Young stock No. 6489, Vol. 10, at the head of the herd being the Duke of Devon.

State Fair five years in succession.

American Merino Sheep

Atwood stock descended from flocks of L. F. Clark, Edwin Hammond and W. R. Sanford.

Worth its weight in gold. Free at all times. Write for catalogue and mention this paper.

PRUSSIAN REMEDY COMPANY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Berkshire Hogs

Of the most fashionable families.

All stock recorded or guaranteed as represented. Stock for sale at all times.

SHORTHORNS!

Owing to having sold a portion of my farm for business purposes, I will close out my entire herd of Shorthorn cattle at very reasonable prices. Will sell singly, in lots, or the herd in a lump. The breeding of these cattle cannot be surpassed.

A few young bulls sired by Lord Kirklingdale of Erie 4188, from 16 to 30 months old, are offered low. Lord Kirklingdale of Erie is also for sale. Send for catalogue and look over the breeding of the herd. Address

JOHN P. SANBORN, PORT HURON, MICH.

YOUNG BULLS.

A few young bulls sired by Lord Kirklingdale of Erie 4188, from 16 to 30 months old, are offered low. Lord Kirklingdale of Erie is also for sale. Send for catalogue and look over the breeding of the herd. Address

JOHN P. SANBORN, PORT HURON, MICH.

SELECT HERD

Bates Cattle!

—AT—

HAZEL RIDGE FARM,

SANDWICH, ONT.

The herd consists of

Duchess, Barrington, Kirklingdale, Tea Rose, Victoria Duchess, Pico, Crags, Young Mary, Constance, Moss Rose, and other high bred sorts. At the head of the herd being the Duke of Devon.

GRAND DUKE OF AIRDRIE 63933.

Young stock of both sexes for sale.

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PRUSSIAN REMEDY COMPANY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

MERINOS!

Those in want of a choice ram for their flock will find it to their advantage to visit us and get prices. French Coach and Black Percherons a specialty. Correspondence solicited and visitors invited. Prices and terms to suit each customer.

Send for catalogue and mention this paper.

E. C. WOOD, SALINE, MICH.

HICKORY GROVE POLAND-CHINAS!

MICHIGAN BREEDERS' DIRECTORY

CATTLE.—Shorthorns.

A. J. COOK, Owosso, breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, and Shropshire Sheep. Stock for sale. All stock recorded and of popular families. Write for catalogue. Address A. J. Cook, Agricultural College, for prices.

A. R. P. BLISS, Swan Creek stock farm, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited and prompt answers. C. S. Baldwin, Manager. P. O. address, Saginaw, Saginaw Co., Mich. 402-26

CHARLES FISHER, Lakeside Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorns. Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Camilla's Vic, Belle Shapton, Lass, Belle Duke of Bright-Hill families. Young stock for sale. 1903-17

EVERGREEN HILL STOCK FARM, J. E. Everett Moore, proprietor, Milford, Shorthorn cattle, Chester White hogs, Merino sheep and registered Shropshire Sheep. Stock for sale and Defiance (Vol. 38) at head of Shorthorn herd. Write for prices.

FRANK MERRITT, Charlotte, Mich., breeder of highly bred Shorthorn cattle, comprising Kirklingdale, Waterloo, Rose Duchess and Rose of Sharon, with the highly bred bull Lord Barrington of Erie

Poetry.

THE RETROTHED.

"You must choose between your cigar and me,"
Open the old cigar box—get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running cross-wise and Maggie
and I are out.

We quarreled about Havana—we fought o'er a
good cheer—
And I know she's exacting, and she says I am
a brute.

Open the old cigar box—let me consider a space,
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on
Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving
lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest
of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laramie—there's calm in a
Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and
thrown away—

Thrown away for a better and perfect and ripe
and brown—
But I never could throw away Maggie for fear
of the talk of the town.

Maggie is my wife at fifty—gray and dour and
old—
With another Maggie to purchase for love
or gold.

And the light of days that have been, the dark
of days that are,
And love's torch smoldering and stale, like the butt
of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep
in your pocket—
With never a new one to light, though it's char-
red and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar box—let me consider awhile;
Here is a mild Manila—a tender and wise
Which is the better portion—bondage bought
with a ring.

Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a
string?
Counselors counsel and alien, comforts true
and tried.

And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival
bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of
woes,
Peace in the hush of twilight, balm ere my eyes
close.

This will the fifty give me, asking naught in
return,
With only a Sutter's passion—to do their duty
and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are
spent and dead,
Five times over fifty shall be my servants in-
stead.

The furrows of fur on Java, the teles of the
Spanish main,
When they bear my bare arm in evidence, will send
me my brides again.

I will take no lead in their raft, nor food
for their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the
showers fall.

I will scent them with best vanilla, with tea will
I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy, who
read of the tales of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my
choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great
old Nick O' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a
twelve-month clear,
But have seen Priest of Patagonia a matter of
seven years.

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked
with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to friendship and
pleasure and work and fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie
and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the will-o-
wisp of Love.

Will it seem safe through my journey, or leave
me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I fol-
low the fiftal fire?

Open the old cigar box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie, that I should
attend you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear
the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar
is smoke.

Light me another Cuba—I'll hold to my first
sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie
for spouse.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Miscellaneous.

THE MASQUERADE BALL.

"The invitation to the Dadd's masquerade
at last," said Mrs. Livingston. "The
Daddos do everything in style. I shall go as
Mary Stuart. I'm told I resemble her, and
if you are a very good girl you shall ask
Mr. Pokenberry as escort, Fenella. And
Mrs. Livingston looked arch.

"Mr. Pokenberry as escort to a masquerade
ball?" said Fenella. "Oh, please don't
lift your eyebrows at me when you speak of
that horrible old Pokenberry."

"I can not help having an expressive face,
my dear," sighed Mrs. Livingston, looking
sideways into the long mirror between the
windows.

"Expression wears the face out, and brings
wrinkles. I'd save it for society occasions
if I were you, mamma," said the untidy
Fenella.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Livingston. "Shakes-
peare was right. 'How sharper than a ser-
pent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.'"

"You don't expect me to be thankful for
being paired off with old Pokenberry, mam-
ma?" said Fenella.

"I'm sure he is charming, and so wealthy,"
said Mrs. Livingston.

"Why don't you go for him yourself then,
mamma?" said Fenella.

"You know he hasn't so much as looked
at me," replied the lady. "I only wish he
had."

"That is candid, anyhow," said Fenella.
"And what is the use of affection between
you? If Mr. Pokenberry had come after you,
I'm sure I should have hailed a stepfather
with a bank account like that with joy. But
would you have liked it yourself at seven-
teen, mamma?"

"But he is most respectful, and our in-
come is limited," said the widow. "And he
has signified that a mother-in-law would be
welcome as a resident in his house. Fancy,
Fenella, a paternal mansion, servants in
livery, a coach waiting down the avenue,
stopping at Gilt and Gilt's for diamonds,
at Fabre's for lace, at Gourme's for
best Oh! Fenella, oh!"

"It is a glorious dream," said Fenella.

"I acknowledge it. If only one could have
it all without being Mrs. Pokenberry. Well,
ask Mr. Pokenberry, mamma. I think I'll go
as a Spanish gypsy. Your black lace shawl
makes a lovely mantilla, and I have the
high comb; and I can wear a short skirt,
and when one has pretty feet why not show
them?"

So it was settled.
"She'll have him, after all," said the wid-
ow to herself. And Fenella debated the
point, despite her saucy speeches.

That morning she went to buy her shoes
and a great black fan with angles all over
it, and on the way stopped at a hair dress-
er's to leave an order.

Miss Fluffer, the hair-dresser's daughter,
a very pretty girl of seventeen, took the or-
der.

"I'll come and do your hair," said she.
"I always please you. Dear me, how lovely
it must be to go to a ball, but pa is so awfully
pious that I never have any pleasure. I
can dance anything, it's a natural gift with
me, but if pa sees me so much as cut a cap-
er he asks me where I expect to go to, and
Fanny Fluffer sighed.

"I love balls, too, said Fenella, who was
always very sociable with Fanny. "I adore
them, but I never enjoy myself. You see,
ma wants me to marry old Mr. Pokenberry.
He is our escort everywhere. He won't let
me dance with anybody else; he takes me in
to supper. I fairly hate him. I can't en-
joy the ball under such circumstances."

"He won't let you go to a masquerade no matter
what I should wish," said Fanny. "Oh! I
could go!"

"To dance with Old Pokenberry?"

"Yes, miss; or the Old Boy, for the mat-
ter of that, so that I went," said Fanny.

"You shall go!" said Fenella. "A plan
has popped into my mind. Only you must
have old Pokenberry and no one else beside
him all the evening, and I will do what I
please till supper time. You are just my
height, your belt is the same, your shoes
of the same number, and your hair is my
color. You shall be the Spanish gypsy, I'll
come in the costume, and you will go to the
Dadd's with another in a parcel, and give
him my card. I shall say you are my maid.
I know where you can dress, and I'll tell
you the rest when you do my hair. Will you
do all that to go to a ball, Fanny?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Livingston," said Fanny
Fluffer, ecstatically. "I think I'd do any-
thing that wasn't right down sinful to go to
a fancy ball and dance."

Nothing was thought of in the Livingston
house for a week from that time but the ball.
Mr. Pokenberry decided to attend it as a
courtesy to the time of Louis XIV., and Mrs.
Livingstone, with an eye to Mary Queen of
Scots, worked away with wax beads and
black velvet and ermine like as though her
life depended upon it.

"Do you know you are angelic?" whis-
pered Mr. Pokenberry to Fenella, as she stepped
into the carriage.

"Modesty forbids me to say yes," said
Fenella, "but I'll promise you something for
your compliment. I won't dance with any
one else to-night before supper."

Mr. Pokenberry kissed her hand. The
Queen of Scots smiled from the softening
shadow of her ruff, and built air castles, in
which the furnishing of the rooms of a moth-
er-in-law in Mr. Pokenberry's palatial resi-
dence figured prominently.

Thus they arrived at their destination.
Everyone was to remain masked until sup-
per-time, and supper was to be very late.
However, a certain small room had been set
apart, to which the master of the house con-
ducted the gentlemen, that they might not
thirst or die for the want of a smoke, and
there was lemonade for the ladies in an al-
cove guarded by a marble Cupid wreathed in
flowers, and presided over by a coquettish
Fleur-de-lis.

Fenella reappeared from her dressing-
room in a charming black lace mask. She
spoke to a young flower-girl in blue and
white as she rejoined Mary Queen of Scots
and the large courtier, who had grown a lit-
tle impatient at her long delay. Never had
she seemed so docile, so gentle—or so bril-
liant as usual, but so very sweet.

On other occasions she had sometimes re-
fused to dance at all or given her hand to
Mr. Pokenberry with an envious eye. To-night
—Pokenberry fully believed that it was his
Louis XIV. costume—to-night she accepted his
invitation with alacrity.

He was a fine dancer, as many fat men
are, and though Fenella was grace itself, she
was now and then a little out of time. On
this occasion her "feet were pat to the music."

She uttered little gleeful exclamations,
she whispered to him that it was charming,
and when he asked her if she would give
him the next dance she said—
"Oh, I could dance forever!"

He took her back to her mother, who was
maintaining a sort of platonic flirtation with
an old beau. The chaperones, of course,
did not mask, and she sat meekly at her
side.

"How shockingly that flower-girl is behav-
ing," said Mrs. Livingston. "Such bold
conduct. I wonder if she has a mother
here? Do look at her. And her style of
waltzing is disgusting!"

"I'm afraid she heard you," said Mr.
Pokenberry.

"I don't care. She needs a lecture," said
Mrs. Livingston.

The flower girl was heard to giggle open-
ly, and a little titter escaped from beneath
the Spanish gypsy's black lace mask.

Again and again she danced with her
elderly adorer. He had admired her before;
to-night he felt rapturously in love with her.
She was adorable.

"I've a plan," said he. "We won't go in
to supper. I've found a lovely nook in the
conservatory, and I've bribed a waiter to
bring us the most delicious things. Lots of
champagne. There, now, don't say no.
Mr. Castlemaine has taken your mother
down, and I must talk to you. This is too
delicious to me. I can't put an end to it."
And I was never so happy in my life,"
said the girl on his arm.

He gained his own way. He found his
corner amidst the intoxicating perfume of
the roses. He filled the champagne glasses.
She sipped. Champagne exhilarates. As
she emptied her glass she gave the prettiest
little laugh. Mr. Pokenberry caught her
hand.

"Pray take your mask off," he implored.
"Let me see your face. You must be more
than beautiful to-night. What have you
done to yourself? Your voice is sweet-
er."

At that moment a shrill whistle was
heard, and before the officer could finish
the order the train for Albany came flying
along at the rate of forty miles an hour. Sweeney's
watchfulness had prevented a terrible dis-
aster. He knew well that the first train
should have displayed signal flags to indicate
that there was another following. Had he
permitted the train carrying the soldiers to
proceed there would have been a frightful
collision at about Stockport, where a curve
through a rocky cut shows out all view 300
yards ahead. It didn't take either the of-
ficers or the men long to realize what a nar-
row escape they had made or appreciate the
bravery of the switchman who was ready to
give up his own life rather than permit a
thousand men to put theirs in danger.

Famous Sam Sloan was president of the
Central in those days, and when he heard
of Sweeney's courageous conduct he sent
him a check for a generous amount, and
summarily discharged the engineer and
crew of the train that had run through with-
out a signal. And, strange to say, no strike
was ordered because of their discharge, nor
was President Sloan asked to specify rea-
sons.

A LITTLE STRATEGY.

"Only one hour, dear, and we shall reach
home," said young Frank Kent, as he look-
ed tenderly down upon his bride of two
days. Then, after a moment's silence, he
added with apparent reluctance: "You
will not mind my sisters in our home, will
you, Blanche?"

What a surprised expression flooded the
uplifted face of the bride, and how question-
ing was the gleam in her dark eyes.

"Sisters, Frank? Why, you did not tell
me—I did not know that they lived at Rose-
dale. Have they not a home of their own?"

"Yes, Blanche; a beautiful place that fa-
ther willed to them; but they like the old
home best, so they rent their own and live
with me. But if you wish it, dear, I could
you have me."

"Oh, no, Frank—not for the world. I
have no doubt but that it will be delighful
to have them with us," declared the young
wife, hastily, although there was an expres-
sion in her eyes which did not accord with
her words.

"They are just as kind-hearted as can be,
Blanche," Frank replied, somewhat relieved.
"But, having lived alone so long, they are a
little queer about some things. Helen is so
timid that the sight of a mouse would fright-
en her into convulsions, while Gertrude is
brave as any man, but superstitious to a
ridiculous extreme. Helen says that she will
take full charge of the house and you will
have nothing to do but to enjoy yourself."

"Yes, that will be nice," stammered
young Mrs. Kent, while she remembered
that the taking charge of Rosedale had been
her greatest anticipated joy, and she began
to wonder what place she would occupy in
her new home if she was not to be its mis-
tress. However, she was not long in find-
ing out after her arrival. The cool criticism
glances bestowed upon her by her sisterly
sisters, and their prim touch of her trem-
bling fingers, gave her the distressing assur-
ance that her advent into the home of her
husband would not in the faintest degree
disturb any former arrangements.

"I am glad to meet you, Mrs. Kent. I
hope that you are not fatigued with your
journey," said Miss Helen, stiffly; then,
with a shudder she added: "For goodness'
sake, Frank, close the door! That door! If I
knew you did something to offend him the
night of the ball, but Fanny Fluffer—of course
it is only a coincidence in the name."

"It is Fanny," said Fenella.

She had heard all about it when the girl
brought home the lace shawl, the tall comb,
and the rest of the Spanish gypsy costume,
but she never enlightened her mother any
further on the subject.

A Man Who Didn't Strike.

Down at Stuyvesant, on the Central Hud-
son road, there is stationed a switchman who
has been at his post ever since the first train
passed over the rails, and had been in the
company's employ before that, almost from
the day that the first tie was laid and the
first spike was driven.

He does not know what fear is, and a
story is told how he once defied two reg-
iments of soldiers because he knew what his
duty was and they did not. It was in
April, 1862, during war times. Sweeney was
at his post on the road, which was then
double-tracked north to Stuyvesant, but had
but one track between that town and New
York. Fifteen carloads of soldiers on a
special train, bound for New York, reached
Stuyvesant early one morning, and Sweeney,
who was on the lookout, stopped the train,
because the train which had immediately
preceded it carried no signal to give warn-
ing that the special was behind it.

It was before the days of block signals, and much
depended on a remembrance of orders as to
how trains were to be run. The command-
ment of the troops could not understand why
the train had come to a standstill. Leaping
from the train he began making inquiries,
and found Sweeney standing at the switch,
which he had locked.

"What does this mean?" thundered the
officer. "Don't you know these are Federal
troops, under orders from Washington to
proceed to New York without delay? What
do you mean by stopping this train without
orders?"

Sweeney pointed his thumb over his shoulder
in the direction of the single track.

"The train ahead carried no signal for
you," said he, "and there has been an up train
on its way."

"Unlock that switch instantly," com-
manded the officer, drawing his sword. "Not
a moment's delay now. Unlock it!"

"I'll not," said Sweeney, and the words
were scarcely out of his mouth before a dozen
soldiers, in obedience to an order, thrust
the switchman into his shanty. One hustled
his bayonet into the boards alongside of
Sweeney's neck. The others plumed him in
a similar manner under the arms. Half a
dozen others placed the muzzles of their
loaded muskets within a few inches of his
head.

"Give up that key and let this train pro-
ceed," was the command, and while no
threat accompanied it the switchmen knew
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eyes and her lips trembled with suppressed
laughter, then she said regretfully:
"I am so sorry, but I can not do without
them. You will be obliged to sit in some
other room, and I promise you they shall
not annoy you. The ledge of that south
window is the very place for my snake to
stretch out in the sun—I am sure it would
enjoy it so much—and the mice would just
doze on that dark corner under the piano."

"Oh, you savage! How can you speak so
of the vile things! I will speak to brother
Frank about it!" exclaimed Helen, indign-
antly, and gathering her skirts close about
her as if the contents of the box were al-
ready at liberty, she hurried from the hall,
followed by Gertrude.

Frank expressed astonishment at his
wife's selection of pets, but he declared
that if it was her desire she should have
the room, and accordingly Blanche took
absolute possession at once. Then she began
to cultivate a taste for anything which was
startling or dramatic, and one evening when
Frank was away, just as the shadows were
creeping into the corners, and harking like
great bats in the hall, she wrapped herself
in a sheet, and taking a position near the
door of Gertrude's room she raised her voice
to a tragic pitch, and waving her arms en-
ergically, she cried:

"What, do you tremble? Are you all
afraid? Alas! I blame you not, for you are
mortal, and mortal eyes can not endure the
devil. Avant, thou dreadful minister of
hell! Thou hast but power over my mortal
body; thy soul thou canst not have; therefore
be gone."

Gertrude hastily opened her door as that
unearthly voice reached her ear; but with
one glance at what her superstitious mind
believed to be a ghost, she fled down the hall,
every step emphasized with shrieks of wild-
est terror.

Blanche hurried after her to assure her
that she had no cause for alarm; but her
good intentions only added speed to her
flight until she felt exhausted upon the floor.

Blanche threw the sheet from her and
bending over her prostrate form, she sought
to quiet her.

"Miss Gertrude, please forgive me. I was
only reciting some lines from Shakespeare.
You know at school we studied elocution,
and I thought that I ought to keep myself in
practice. I went into the hall near your
room that I might be out of Miss Helen's
way, but I had no idea that I would disturb
you."

"Disturb me?" roared Gertrude. "I must
say, Mrs. Kent, that you have some very
strange notions. You know that I cannot
endure anything ghostlike."

"Oh, dear, I do not know what we shall
do," said Blanche, with a little gesture of
dismay.

"Your tastes are so different. Miss Helen
does not like snakes or mice, and now you
object to my recitations. But of course af-
ter understanding the matter, it will not
annoy you."

"Indeed, Mrs. Kent, you are mistaken,"
retorted Gertrude, haughtily. "How do I
know but that you will steal upon me some-
time with a drawn sword and practice your
Shakespeare in earnest?"

After this the sisters held long discussions

THE OLD MAN SINGS.

There's a wobble in the jingle and a stumble in the meter,
And the accent might be clearer and the volume be complete,
And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation,
And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation;
But there's music, like the harper played before the ancient king,
When the old man takes the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings;
There's laughter choked with tear-drops when the old man sings.

And we form a ring about him, and we place him in the middle
And he lugs up to his withered cheek the poor, old broken fiddle,
And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings
And he sings the songs of long ago with faltering intonation;
And phantoms from the distant past his broken music brings,
And trooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things,
When he tunes the ancient fiddle and the old man sings.

We let the broken man play on upon the broken fiddle,
And we press around to hear him, as he sits there in the middle;
The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges,
Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges.
'Tis the story of his life-time that in the music rings—
And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken strings—
And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE OLD CABINET.

It Brought Good Fortune to Two Lonely Hearts.

"I dare say it's a great curiosity," said Mrs. Minden, carelessly; "but I never did fancy these quaint old odds and ends of creation, and I didn't bargain to have my house turned into a storage-place for Uncle Zadoc's old rattle-traps. So I ordered it sent to the second-hand dealer's establishment this morning. He allowed me five dollars for it. And, really," added the lady, with a laugh, "I think I should have been tempted, if better terms could not have been made, to pay the dealer five dollars for removing it from the premises."

Mr. Minden looked up from behind the closely-printed columns of the daily paper.

"And if your Uncle Zadoc inquires after it?" said he. "Because it will hardly do to offend the old gentleman."

"Oh, we'll tell him it all fell to pieces," said Mrs. Minden, calmly. "Ten to one he'll never think of it again!"

And Mrs. Minden replaced the old teakwood cabinet with a modern glittering inlaid with china tiles, and glittering with brass ornaments, and congratulated herself on getting rid of Uncle Zadoc Johnson's "old trash."

"Oh, mamma," cried Beatrice Field, coming in one day from carrying home a roll of embroidered satin to the shop for which she worked, "I saw such a lovely old Indian cabinet in Luckwood's second-hand store as I passed by! It was marked 'Fifteen dollars.' Mamma, it would brighten up our dim little parlor like a bit of the Orient!"

Mrs. Field, a thin little woman, sighed as she saw the sparkle in Beatrice's eyes.

"But, Bee," said she, "fifteen dollars! How are we, with our narrow means, ever to compass fifteen dollars?"

"Ah! but you don't understand, mamma," cried triumphant Bee. "Mary Luckwood says I may have it for ten, if I will help her make her dress for the military ball. So, if you don't think it too extravagant, mamma, dear—"

"Have your own way, my child," said the little widow, with a sigh. "You are the support of the family; it would be hard, indeed, to deny you a little indulgence now and then."

So the teakwood cabinet was set up in Mrs. Field's humble little parlor, where it became the delight of Bee's heart.

"I could fancy all sorts of delightful mysteries out of the Arabian Nights," when I sit here and look at its carved corners and odd, twisted doors," said she. "I'm sure there's a secret drawer in it somewhere, although I never have been able to find it. I shall be your household idol, mamma, and I'm quite, quite sure that it will bring us good luck."

"I fear that nothing will ever do that," said poor little Mrs. Field, sighing.

And, although the remark sounded extreme, yet there had been a concatenation of circumstances in Mrs. Field's life to justify it. When Beatrice was yet an infant, her father, a sea captain, sailing between the ports of Bombay and New York, by way of the London docks, was lost at sea. The guardian of her little fortune proved unworthy of the trust, and decamped, leaving her penniless; and since then existence had been one of continual struggle, until Beatrice, growing up, had developed an unusual taste for the fine artistic needlework which was just then coming into fashion, and had virtually taken the support of the family into her own hands.

And in her delight at this new acquisition, Beatrice told its history to old Captain Burton, a sick lodger on the floor above, to whom she sometimes carried iced coffee, white grapes, little odds and ends of luxury.

"For he is so poor," reasoned generous little Bee. "And he has no friends!"

One day, however, when Bee tripped lightly up with a plate of cream puffs which she herself had manufactured, she saw a brown-skinned, wrinkled little old man sitting at Captain Burton's bedside.

"Eh?" said he. "Ah! So you are the little guardian angel, are you?"

"I am Beatrice Field," said our heroine, coloring up. "And I did not know that Captain Burton had company, or—"

"Oh! I'm not company," chuckled the little brown man. "I'm only Zadoc Johnson. I'm Ben Burton's second cousin, and I've been looking for him these six months. Now, by the merest chance in the world, I've found him. And I have to thank you, Miss Beatrice, for all the disinterested kindness you have shown him."

"It wasn't I," said Bee. "At least, it wasn't I, me—mamma—"

"Take me down to your mamma at once," said Mr. Johnson. "I've a heavy debt of gratitude to pay her. I've only one cousin, Ben Burton, and he might have died if it hadn't been for you two kind ladies."

He pulled out his purse on the way downstairs.

"If there's any of this debt that money can pay—" he said; but Beatrice made a derogatory movement.

"Please don't talk of money," said she. "There's nothing we have done which Captain Burton would not have done for us had our position been reversed. And—"

"Hullo!" ejaculated Mr. Zadoc Johnson, as Beatrice opened the door of the little family sitting-room at that moment. "Hullo! Where on earth did you get that old cabinet of teakwood?"

"We bought it at the second-hand store," said Beatrice. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"It's mine!" said Zadoc Johnson. "How can it be yours?" indignantly cross-questioned Bee, "when I bought it and paid for it, my very own self?"

"This is very strange," said Zadoc. "I think so, too," said Beatrice.

And then Mrs. Field came in, and the eccentric old gentleman was presented to her.

"Madam," said Mr. Johnson, "I thank you and your daughter for your kindness to my cousin Benjamin Burton."

Mrs. Field colored, and grew pale, as shy as a girl, as she murmured a word or two of acknowledgment.

"It is my belief," said Zadoc, "that your attention and care have saved his life."

And then, abruptly dismissing the subject, he walked up to the old cabinet, opened its doors, sniffed its sweet, faint scent, and, turning to Bee, he demanded:

"What will you sell me this piece of furniture for?"

"It isn't for sale," said Bee, almost ready to cry. "It is my birthday gift to mamma."

"Well, well, little girl, don't fret," said Mr. Johnson, good-humoredly. "It used to belong to me, and I've rather a notion for it. But you shall not be teased if you don't choose to part with it. Good-bye, madam. Good-bye, little girl."

And with this cheerful leave-taking he departed.

Mrs. Minden was elegantly dressed in heliotrope-colored satin and Chantilly lace, when Uncle Zadoc presented himself. It was her "at home" day, and she took pride in her toilets. But when, instead of General de Lino, or Mr. Bonnefoilles, or any other of those glances (fashions) and molds of form, Uncle Zadoc Johnson made his appearance, she turned pale.

"Good-day, Miss Amelia," said the eccentric old gentleman. "I've come to look at my teakwood cabinet."

"It's sent away to be mended," gasped Mrs. Minden.

"That's a falsehood!" said Uncle Zadoc. "You felt yourself too fine to be hampered by my old-fashioned furniture, and you sold it to the old dealer. Luckwood, for five dollars. 'Love me, love my dog,' says the proverb. 'Love me, love my old cabinet,' say I. I dare say I'm not good enough for you, now you've grown to be such an elegant city lady; so good-bye!"

Out walked Uncle Zadoc before Mrs. Minden could collect her senses to stay him.

What curious whim urged the old bachelor to come ever knew, but instead of retaining his luxurious quarters at the St. Barbe Hotel, Mr. Johnson engaged a room in the tenement-house where his second cousin, Captain Ben Burton, lived.

"I like the kind of people I meet here," said he, briefly.

And at the end of a month he presented himself before Mrs. Field.

"Madam," said he, "I like you. What is more, I respect you. I like your old cabinet, and I should like to have a father's right in your little Beatrice. We are neither of us young, but there's nothing to prevent our being happy. Will you marry me?"

Mrs. Field looked really pretty as the pink blushes mantled her delicate face.

"Oh, Mr. Johnson!" said she. "I can hardly believe you mean it."

"Send for a parson, madam, and you will soon find out whether I do or not," said Zadoc Johnson.

So they were quietly married, to Bee's infinite delight.

"He's just the sort of step-father I should like," said she, gleefully.

Once wedded, old Zadoc Johnson took an elegant house, furnished it in princely fashion, set the teakwood cabinet in the best parlor, and invited Captain Ben Burton to live with them always.

Mrs. Zadoc Johnson was serenely happy, and Beatrice exultant. As for the captain, he chuckled.

"Zadoc Johnson never did do any thing by halves," said he.

And when Mr. Minden saw the notice of the marriage in the daily papers, he swore a prodigious imprecation.

"It's all your fault, Amelia," said he. "If you never had sold that teakwood cabinet, all this wouldn't have happened!"

"Not always did lay the blame of every thing on me!" whimpered Mrs. Minden—Anny Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE FARJEON CHILDREN.

How They Amuse Joseph Jefferson, Their Beloved Grandfather.

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is Joseph Jefferson's son-in-law: he lives in London, has a lovely home, a charming family, and he entertains delightfully. From all I hear, writes Eugene Field in the Chicago News, I judge that his three little children must be prodigies. The youngest is named after his grandpa and he seems to have inherited his grandpa's fondness and facility for art. Curiously enough he is the picture of Jefferson—having the same bright blue eyes, delicate features and characteristic smile. The oldest boy—I think his name is Frank—is always saying and doing bright things. A year ago Mrs. Mudge Kendall spent the day with Mrs. Farjeon, and the two ladies enjoyed a good old-fashioned gossip all the afternoon; the way they discussed and criticized all their acquaintances was simply a caution. Next day Master Frank remarked at dinner: "Papa, I have written out with the type-writer all that mamma and Mrs. Kendall said yesterday." And so the wretched child had; all the scandal and gossip was reported with shocking fidelity, and may be Mr. Farjeon didn't have a lovely time reading it aloud to his astounded spouse. This experience taught Mrs. Farjeon a serious lesson.

Not long ago the Farjeon children went with their mother to service in one of the neighboring churches where the rector was an extreme ritualist. Worn by all the ceremony, little Joe Farjeon finally whispered hoarsely to his mother, when the sermon was about half through: "Come on, mamma, let's go; don't let's wait for the last act!"

The children write plays for their grandpa. Very thrilling plays they are, too. Grandpa Jefferson enjoys them hugely, but one day, while reading one of these productions, he stopped and asked: "Frank, what do all these blanks mean? There doesn't seem to be any sense at all."

"That's where you are to swear, grandpa," explained the child. "We left it blank on purpose, because we knew you could do it better than we could."

FULL OF BUSINESS.

A Woman Who Knows How to Make Money Without Working for It.

There was a party of us on the train going to the Rocky Mountains, says a correspondent of the St. Joseph (Mo.) News, and the news agent bagged us so that one of us got a lurid narrative of Jesse James' life just to get rid of the fellow. He read pieces of it to us and we got so enthusiastic that we stopped off a day at St. Joseph to look at the house Jesse was killed in.

When we had climbed the bluff at Convent Hill and a darkly pointed out the shanty, our ardor began to diminish. We knocked at the door and a woman opened it, looked at us awhile, and then said:

"Want to see the house Jesse James was shot in?"

We said we did.

"Well, this is it. Just come right in. There ain't no shooting around here now." We came into a miserably-furnished room, and passing through she showed us a perfectly bare room.

"Thar' it is. Just as it was the day they shot him. Right thar's where he stood. Right outside this window's where the Ford boys stood."

The floor was all whitened and pieces cut out of it. One of us suggested that we get some relics to take back East with us.

"We would like to have a small piece of the floor as a memento," said one.

"Wal," she said, "we don't make no habit of selling sich, but seein' as you's all the way from back East, why, I'll let you have a piece each at half a dollar apiece."

She cut small slices of the flooring and gave us each one, and, when we had paid her and passed around to the yard, we heard the woman saying to somebody in the house:

"John, guess y'd better hev the carpenter come up and put a new floor in thar room. This is the fourth we've had in, and it's high all cut away."

HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

The Good Luck of an Honest, Hard-Working Hoosier Farmer.

It is not often that one who has worked all his life on a farm comes into possession of \$4,000,000 in a day, and yet such an event is soon to happen to a family living at Sumner, in this State, writes a Lawrenceburg (Ind.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. In 1776 Mary Bentley, of New York City, leased a tract of land there to the Government for ninety-nine years. The land was used as the site of the city, but as years rolled by and the city began its marvelous growth the tract was surrounded by colossal palaces of trade and mansions.

The Government, seeing a chance to profit, subleased the ground to many different persons, and it has been built on and improved, and lying in the heart of the city its immense value can easily be understood. In 1875 the lease expired, and no one appearing to claim the property a legal fight of immense proportions was begun between the sublessees and the Government, prominent among the former being the heirs of the older Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Government was successful and gained possession of the property, and at the same time the heirs of the original lessor began to assert their rights, and after another legal battle they were sustained and the property held for them. After years of hunting for the unknown heirs they have all been found, and the property ordered sold and the money distributed. The Boldrey family, of Sumner, of whom there are five, are among these heirs. Mary Bentley being their great-grandmother, and they have been notified by their attorney in New York City that the Government will make a deed, and that their share will be \$4,000,000 apiece. As they are all good, honest, hard-working citizens, their good luck will be appreciated by all who know them.

HYSTERICAL INVENTIONS.

A Wonderful Sweeping Machine and an Automatic Chair.

A genius with a profound thought-mill has taken up the subject of dusting and sweeping by means of suction draughts. He has a perambulating machine which, by means of fans and hydraulic pressure, gets a draught through a spiral hose with a nozzle shaped at its terminus like the trouble end of a trombone. He starts up a grand racket on the carpet till the dust flies, then turns on this blizzard and a condensed cyclone is immediately precipitated. He moves his hose end round like the snout of a Jersey hog, and wherever the cloud of dust arises the suction of his mechanism draws it, and it immediately goes "up the spout," so to speak. The idea is all right; the only difficulty which stands in the way is the possibility of his getting too big a draught on and shooting in stray leaves from the family text-book, odd socks, and a bare foot. This idea, which is chronicled as an invention in the Patent Office at Washington, is on a par with the rocking chair which came out eight months ago, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The inventor arranged under the rockers a pair of bellows attached to a series of pipes running up the chair back to about where your neck would rest. As you rocked the chair the bellows worked and you were given hysterical breezes. It worked all right for the man who could stand shower baths, but it cost one furniture dealer I know of three good customers by neuralgia, pneumonia and croup. In another case the customer tried it and had to run a block to catch his wig. It's a good idea, though, but, like all those things, you have to get someone to think so. As for myself, I think the sweeping machine would be better employed shooting coal into a cellar, and the man with the bellows-rocker would make a fortune if he worked it up around the eaves of a roof and blew the snow into the next county instead of down the back of the neighbor who always gets under the roof at the wrong time.

A Diplomatic Dodge.

Willie—I can't come out, Dolph. Ma says I must stay in all the afternoon.

Dolph—Why don't you sit in the chair that squeaks and giggles? She'll send you out quick enough, then.

EXAMINING ATTORNEY (to witness)—Your occupation, please?

Witness—I work in a intelligence office.

Attorney (severely)—I thought you were a reporter for a daily newspaper.

Witness (inquiringly)—Well?

FIRST WIFE—And so you have been married twenty years! Really, you must excuse me for asking, but does your husband still kiss you every day?

Second Wife (proudly)—Yes, always. My Tom is one of the most concubineous men I ever knew.

MRS. TANGLE—Here is a good recipe for getting grease out of a carpet.

Tangle—Now, that just shows how people will waste their time. It would take you all day to get an ounce of grease out of a carpet; whereas you can go to the butcher's and get all you can use in a week for ten cents.

REPAIRS NEEDED.—Miss Mary, what are you doing with that clock?

Mary (with the servant's bedroom clock under her arm)—Papa, mum, I'm takin' it to a watchmaker. It's all out of order, mum. I'vey morning at twelve o'clock it goes all to pieces, an' makes such a racket I can't sleep.

TEACHER—Somebody has been throwing paper behind my back. Mowes, can you tell me who it was?

Mowes (who was the culprit himself)—I know who it was, but I hardly like to tell.

Teacher—A trifle too scrupulous, perhaps, but it shows honorable feeling on your part. You may sit down.

JEAN (a swell valet)—How do you like your new employer?

Jacques (another valet)—Not at all. I've given him a month's notice.

Jean—What's the trouble? Is he brutal?

Jacques—Oh, no, on the contrary, a perfect gentleman. But, my dear Jean, his clothes are nine sizes too large for me.

WELL, Bridget, I hope you have taken good care of the house?

"Yes, mum."

"You had no trouble with burglars, I hope?"

"None whatever. It wor meself that had the pobbles call every evenin' jist as a form of precaution."

MODERN ENGAGEMENTS.—Ethel—I hear that you are engaged to Jack. What induced you to take such a step?

Maud—He saved my life when we were boating together.

Ethel—But, even if he did, does that prove that he will make you happy if you marry him?

Maud (surprised)—Who said I was going to marry him?

EASTERN MAN (writing home from the Far West)—The rush of business in the glorious West is simply marvellous—things move like lightning. I stepped into a real estate office on my arrival to buy a lot, and they made out the receipt and filled out the deed in exactly three minutes.

Same Man (writing home five years later)—I'll come back as soon as I can sell my lot. I have been trying to sell it for four years, now, and I think a few years more will find a customer.

PAST-COMMANDER JAMES S. FRAZER, of the Grand Army of the Republic of New York State, told some friends the other night, a story about a man he sent down to the custom house as a night-watchman. Collector Erhardt sent the man to the civil service office to be examined. The man was quite intelligent, and answered the questions put to him until he was asked what the distance was between the earth and the sun. He hesitated for a time, and finally acknowledged he did not know.

"You don't know," said the commissioner, severely.

"Mister," said the applicant, "I didn't think I'd have to answer a question like that. I'm looking for a night job."

In the suburbs of Boston lives a merchant who is something of an epicure, and not infrequently he brings home with him from the city on his return from business some tid-bit or other. Not long since he found some very choice Roquefort cheese, and the day before Saturday he took a piece home with him for his Sunday dinner.

Arrived at the station he was met by his man with the buggy, and in driving home he put the bundle on the bottom of the carriage, where it lay forgotten until the next day. At dinner he remembered the delicacy, and sending for Patrick, he asked him what he had done with the package of cheese which he left on the bottom of the buggy.

"Was that cheese, sir?" responded Patrick, in evident surprise.

"Yes, of course it was cheese. What did you do with it?"

"Well, upon me soul sir, it never entered my comprehension that it was cheese. It smelled that powerful, sir, that I thought shure it was dead, sir, and I wint an' buried it, ma'am, no harm."

A well-known professor of one of our Maine colleges has always been dreaded more by the incoming freshmen class than any other man in the faculty. This feeling wears away somewhat during the last part of the course, but there is always an awe-inspired atmosphere as thick as a down east fog across in this man's class-room, he is filled with quaking freshmen or self-satisfied seniors. Jokes have, however, frequently been tried on him, since college boys are very brave when they think their tricks are well covered, but the jokes have usually been found to have a dose back about kio, like an old dink musket.

With the expectation of getting an "adjourn" from his recitation the next day some rearm one night broke into this professor's class-room, and painted every seat in the room with fresh paint. When the class assembled the next day the professor said very blandly:

"You can sit down, gentlemen, or stand up, just as you please. Mr. A—, will you please demonstrate?" etc.

The class stood for the full hour, its members feeling really by standing first on one foot and then on the other.

On another occasion when the mercury had dropped below zero another attempt was made to get an "adjourn." The stove and every window was removed from the recitation room, but the professor was found there at the usual hour seated comfortably in his chair with overcoat, winter cap and woolen gloves on, and without apparent discomfort to himself conducted a recitation of an hour's length, with heaven's breezes wandering unintercepted through the room.—Lewiston Journal.

A MAN on the Wabash road is now running varnished cars and eating pie who owes his success in a measure to kicking the general manager. When a trainman prospers and

Chaff.

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gets a passenger train he speaks of his good fortune as running varnished cars and eating pie. When he is in the humbler calling of working on a freight train he sometimes calls it eating corn bread in the dog-house.

General Manager Tallmage, of the Wabash, was in the old school of railroaders, who believed in attending to the details of the line. He had been a trainman himself, and he knew the weakness of the craft. He would watch the train sheets, and if a crew reported delays at a certain point on about every run he would go down there quietly and keep an eye out for them. He took one of these trips on one occasion, and supposed his movements were unknown to the crews as wished to watch, for he went secretly as an ordinary passenger and did not reach his destination until after dark.

But to use the slang of the men, they were on to him. He scouted himself on a gondola loaded with car-wheels, and thought that he was unobserved until a brakeman, pretending to take him for a tramp, came along and kicked him most mercilessly. At every blow of the foot he accentuated the action with some ornamental profanity very painful to hear. Mr. Tallmage did not reveal his identity, but limped away, and he found out that the brakeman who had so maltreated him was really a valuable man and not responsible for the delay.

After the kicking the brakeman went back to the caboose and said to his conductor:

"Well, I fixed the old man. I suppose I'll get my expanse at the end of the run. It's all right, though. This ain't the only road."

Two days later the brakeman was summoned to the general manager's office. He shook hands with the boss, bade him good-by, pushed his cap over his left ear defiantly and walked away to the slaughter.

Mr. Tallmage asked him how long he had been braining, questioning him about various matters pertaining to handling trains, and then fairly knocked him silly by informing him that he should report to the trainmaster, who would give him a position as conductor.

"By the way," said Mr. Tallmage, as the astonished man was leaving the office, "are you bothered with tramps on your division?"

The brakeman blushed a little, then summoned all his stolidity and said:

"Yes, but we're cleaning them out. I run across one two nights ago hid in a car of wheels, and kicked the old bum half way across the State.—Indianapolis Sun.

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Wife—My darter does, sir. She puts up jolly every season.

"What is Sniggles running for?" "I didn't know he was running for anything." "Oh, but he is then. I saw him going to church last Sunday."

He (cautiously)—What would you say, darling, if I should ask you plumply to be my wife? Darling (even more cautiously)—Ask me and find out.

There are some people who are so pleasant when they are absent that one can almost forgive them for being so unbearable when they are present.

"Nature," says Scappleton, "never makes a mistake." "Oh, I don't know about that," look at the duke." "Yes; but she didn't waste any brains on him."

Conductor—Those people in this car who monopolize two seats apiece with their bundles are not fit to ride the hog-choppers in the next town we stop at.

Mrs. Snodgrass—Your husband complains that he can't smoke the cigars you bought for him. Mrs. Snodgrass—Well, I can't bear the boaster he selected for me, either.

"Oh dear," said an old man who was flailing for his dinner and lost a jaw plucker from his book, "how despr't, 'as it makes you feel to lose what you never had."

Edmund—Gymnastics is the thing to make people healthy and strong and long-lived. John—Our forefathers knew nothing of gymnastics. Edmund—Well, ain't they all dead?

Bloomer (to ragged urchin)—Your parents left you something when they died, didn't they? Urchin—Oh, yes, sir. Bloomer—What did they leave you? Urchin—An orphan, sir.

Prospective Settler—What a queer town this is! A street every hundred feet in every direction. Agents—Geez scheme, er! Every fifty feet is a corner lot. How many will you take?

Mr. Freshman—Excuse me, Professor, but are you good at figures? Prof. Matthew Mac-donald—Ah! Why do you plain wrapper? Mr. F. (moving away)—Why, to find out whether you preferred Mrs. Langtry's or Mrs. Modjeska's.

"I assure you, Judge, that my physician is responsible for my being a sinner." "Do you mean to say he hypnotized you and compelled you to commit a crime?" "I won't say that, but do know that he advised me to take something before going to bed."

Doctor (entering the room of an acute patient)—Well, have you taken the medicine I left? Patient—Not yet, doctor. Doctor—How's that? Patient—Why, I can only follow instructions on the bottle. "Shake well before taking," and I haven't finished shaking yet.

THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH VITALITY.

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TOKOLOGY

Complete Ladies' Guide. By ALICE K. LATHAM, M. D. The only book for AGENTS.

(Continued from first page.)

and go to town, but have never known one who was able to go back again and buy the old farm. Doubt if there are any more happy homes in the town than in the country. Have spent a number of years in the city, not from choice, but from circumstance, and the farm is preferred. We ought to educate a desire in children to stay on the farm. The idea of leaving the farm to gain a fortune is in most cases a mistaken one, and where carried out has proved to be so. Rev. Lincoln believes that the rural population is not decreasing. In the east the younger men go west and grow up with the country. As to the prosperity of farmers, I cite you to many who support churches as a significant fact. Farmers as a class take more money to themselves than any class of business men in town, and if obliged to attend to business, they would be more of them rich. Thinks that wrong comparisons are made. People compare a prosperous business man with a poor farmer, and not the other way.

E. A. Nordman—Must try to impress on our boys the advantages of rural life. Yet then they want to try for themselves, and of course there are many failures. The long days on the farm are a drawback to many a young man; no time to himself by daylight. The farmer cannot add to the price of his products as he chooses and thereby be able to work less hours, hence how to manage is a question I cannot determine.

Andrew Smith, formerly a farmer but now foreman in shops in Ann Arbor, said: "I am confined to business more closely than while I was on the farm, this being the first day away for a year. One apparent reason for a decrease of rural population, is the farm machinery now in use, which makes it unnecessary to employ so much hand labor, and a good many that might be on the farm are in the shops helping make this machinery. I believe with the same attention to business, and the same number of hours' work, that I could make the farm as profitable as the shop. Believe it requires more brains to do good farming than it does almost any other kind of business. A person will learn a great many of the trades and professions in three or four years' time, and become expert, but what will three or four years accomplish on a farm?"

Amos Phelps touched upon the point of branding hives and having them single men. Thought it the best plan. Accomplished more, there was better feeling generally, and thought in the main you could obtain better help.

While the discussion did not all hinge directly on the question, it was all pertinent, and of some value, especially the grounds taken for making the farmer more contented with his lot. It was much in favor of the farm, less fault finding with the occupation than usual, and with another two years of good sound management of government affairs, we will see the farmer the most independent of men, and those who are not tillers of the soil may have aspirations in that direction, as it will not only be profitable but fashionable, and now seems to be a necessity among those who are seeking political advancement.

E. N. BALL, Cor. Sec'y, C.

The Tuscola County Fair.

Ely, Oct. 13th, 1890.

The Tuscola County Fair just closed is the largest and most successful ever held here. Some of the notable exhibits were Murphy's Gallows; Merrill & Field's Shovelers; Knight's Lincoln; R. S. Weaver's Merinos. Moran & White had their four year old 1,500 lbs. Imp. Cleveland Bay at the fair. He attracted a great deal of notice. L. Woodcock showed six pens Yorkshires; Root Smith three pens Berks, which took three firsts; L. A. Bird, Daniels and Polande, seven pens; H. A. Daniels, twelve pens of Victorias and Polande, which took six firsts. The racing was very sharp; Tuscola being in the forefront drove some noted horses to the fair. A. Pearsall, of Flint, owned the winner of the 240 trotting race, and Chimes E. won the pacing race.

D.

HON. COLUMBUS DELANO, President of the National Wool Growers' Association, has issued an address congratulating wool-growers upon the present fair, and sending in his congratulations to President. He says he is over 80 years of age, and wants a rest.

A WELL-KNOWN dealer in hogs at Chicago says that the average quality of the hogs coming in is the worst for years. This is not the general idea on the subject. He says that the receipts will continue comparatively small for some time.

Change of Time on the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railway.

Commencing on Monday, Oct. 13th, the following fall and winter schedule will be adopted:

Train leaving Detroit at 6:50 a. m. will run through to Grand Haven, making close connection at Durand with the C. & M. R. R. for Saginaw and Bay City.

Train leaving at 11:00 a. m. will run through to Grand Haven, connecting at Durand with C. & G. T. R. for Chicago; at Owosso Junction with T. & M. R. for Muskegon; and at G. R. & I. Junction with G. R. & I. R. R. for all points north as far as Cadillac.

Train leaving at 4:30 p. m. will connect at Durand with C. & M. R. R. for Saginaw and Bay City, and will run to Grand Rapids and G. R. & I. Junction, making connection with G. R. & I. R. R. for all points as far north as Mackinac.

Train leaving at 8:00 p. m. will have Pullman sleeper through to Chicago.

Train leaving Detroit at 10:30 p. m. will have Wagner sleeper through to Grand Rapids, and connects at G. R. & I. Junction, with G. R. & I. R. R. for Muskegon and all points north as far as Traverse City.

Trains arrive at Detroit, Brush St. Depot, at 7:20 a. m., 7:45 a. m., 11:55 a. m., 4:06 p. m., and 9:59 p. m.

Veterinary Department

Dehorning Cattle.

ELWELL, October 5, 1890.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—I have a two year old heifer, which I wish to dehorn, but never having seen the operation performed, I would like to ask a few questions. First: Will a common saw, ten teeth to the inch be fine enough? Second: Will it be necessary to apply anything to stop the flow of blood, if so, what? Please answer through the FARMER and oblige.

Answer.—The horns of neat cattle are an elongation of the frontal bone, covered by a hard coating, originally of a gelatinous nature. Its base is a process or continuation of the frontal bone, and is like that bone, hollow and divided into numerous compartments or cells, communicating with each other and lined by a continuation of the membrane of the nose. The bone of the horn is the most vascular bone in the whole frame or skeleton of the animal, for it not only carries vessels for its own nourishment, but for that of its covering; it is therefore much roughened on its surface, and presents a perforated appearance for the passage of blood vessels, and when broken the hemorrhage is very profuse, to arrest which the application of a red hot iron is necessary. A fine saw with ten or twelve teeth to the inch will answer the purpose.

RELATION OF THE SUSPENSORY LIGAMENTS

In a Cattle Legs.

MILFORD, Oct. 13th, 1890.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have an Arabian colt that was foaled Sept. 27th. Its forward fetlock joints are weak, and when it walks they bend forward so that the joints will often touch the ground, although she is determined to walk on her feet. The cords between the knees and fetlock joints in front of the bones are badly swollen, and her hind legs seem to grow faster than the front ones for she seems to stand higher behind than in front. In every other respect she is doing well. Can I do anything for her? If so, what would you advise me to do?

SUBSCRIBER.

Nasal Gleet in a Horse.

FARMINGTON, Oct. 13, 1890.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

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TIMOTHY SEED.—Quiet at \$1.45 per bu. for prime.

SALT.—Michigan, 70c per bbl. in car lots, or 80c in 10-bbl. lots; dairy, \$1.00 per 100 lbs. bbl.; Ashton quarter sacks, 75c.

HIDES.—Green city, 54c per lb., country, 64c; cured, No. 1, 70c; No. 2, 54c; calf, No. 1, 74c; No. 2, 54c; veal kip, No. 1, 74c; runners and No. 2, 54c; sheepskins, 50c per 100 lbs. to 100 lbs. of wool.

POTATOES.—Market more active at 6